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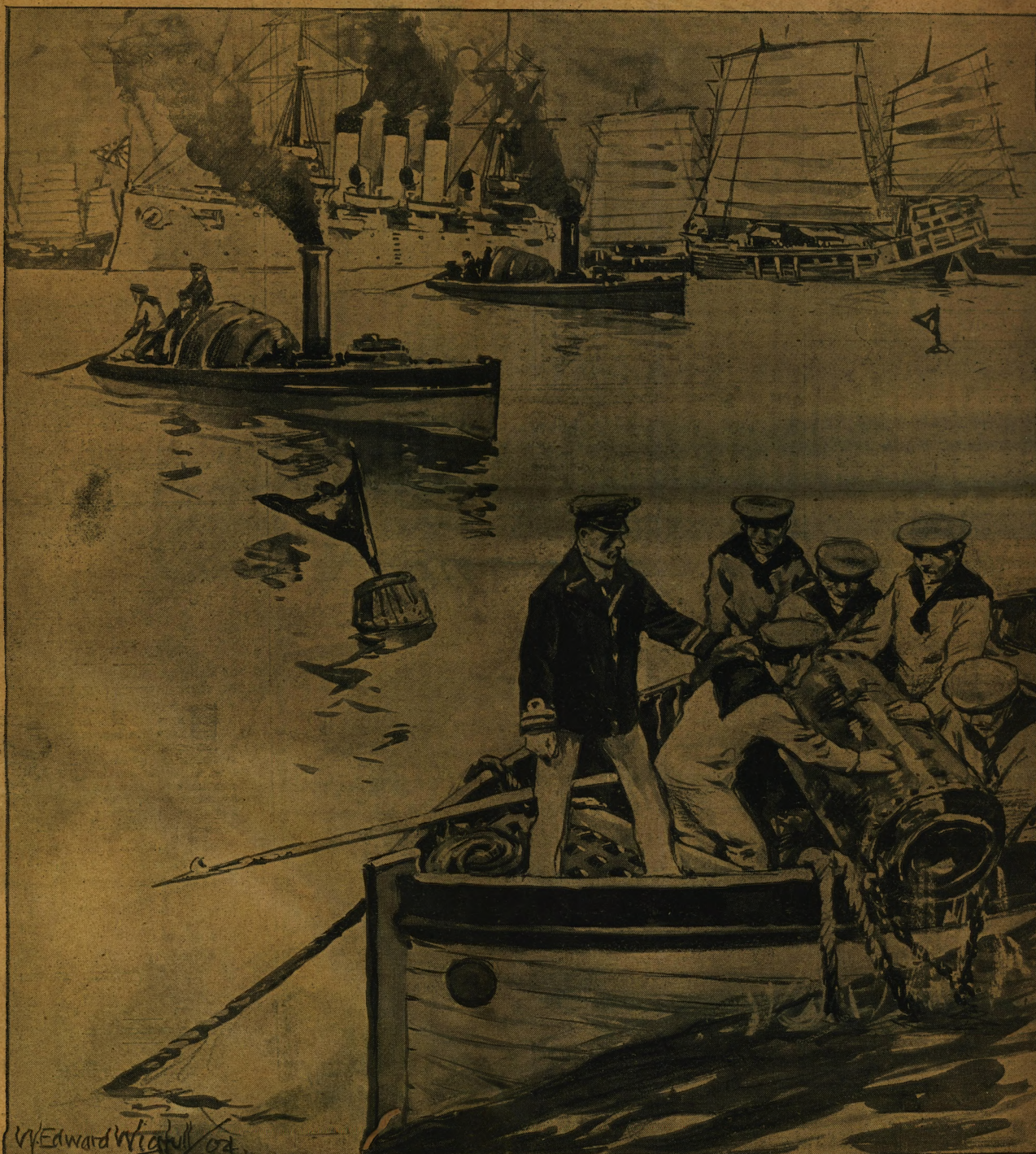
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MONDAY, MAY 23, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

JAP TARS' MOST DANGEROUS TASK—SWEEPING FOR MINES.



The removal of Russian mines has proved itself the most dangerous task of the Japanese sailors. The most customary method, which is known as "sweeping," is to trail a rope between two launches, much in the same manner as a seine net. The task is doubly dangerous, for not only are the launches among the mines, but there is great risk of the mines exploding when found and while being removed from the water.—(Drawn from a sketch by our artist-correspondent at the front.)

PART 6 NOW READY. PRICE 6d.

JAPAN'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

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JAPAN'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

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PART 6 NOW READY. PRICE 69.

1994

EVENING NEWS

CRICKET ANNUAL.

CRICKET ANNUAL.

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A PENNY EVERYWHERE

—

AMONG THE CONTENTS WILL BE

BATTING AVERAGES, 1903.

BOWLING AVERAGES, 1903.
COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP 1903.

CRICKET ANNUAL.

PORT ARTHUR SORTIE

Japanese Lose Heavily in Fierce Fight.

DEADLY RUSSIAN SHELLS.

25 Men Killed on a Japanese Destroyer.

After his journey in Southern Russia the Tsar has returned to St. Petersburg. It is stated that a pilot engine preceding the Imperial train was derailed at Kremenchug, and several persons killed or injured.

General Stoessel is reported to have made a sortie from Port Arthur, for the purpose of covering the arrival of a train bringing supplies from the north. The Japanese were found barring the road, and in the subsequent fighting, it is said, the Japanese sustained 1,000 casualties and the Russians 116.

During a reconnaissance off Port Arthur on Friday by the Japanese fleet a shell struck a Japanese destroyer, killing one officer and twenty-four men.

Admiral Skrydloff is asserted to have reached Port Arthur by balloon.

SKIRMISHING ROUND PORT ARTHUR.

The "severe defeat" of the Japanese, which was announced yesterday, seems to be merely an exaggeration of the affairs of May 15 and 16, reported by Admiral Alexieff to the Tsar, and magnified by credulous rumour in St. Petersburg.

On these dates there was a good deal of fighting near Port Arthur, and the Russians admit losses of some eleven officers, including one General, and 150 men. All Admiral Alexieff could say about the enemy was that they "evidently sustained severe losses."

This was quickly translated in St. Petersburg into a loss of 1,000 men killed and wounded, but, so far, there is no news to justify such an estimate of the Japanese casualties.

What happened probably is that a body of Japs found themselves faced by a larger force of Russians, and wisely decided to retire, as their 20,000 comrades further north did last week when they came into contact with 32,000 Russians.

In war it is never wise to take unnecessary risks. The way to win a battle is to have a better position and more men than your foe, and in a war conducted on business principles a commander will not fight if he can help it without these advantages on his side.

RUSSIAN SORTIE.

Japanese Reported To Have Sustained 1,000 Casualties.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.

The Government is stated to have received news to-day of a successful sortie from Port Arthur by General Stoessel. The movement was carried out to facilitate the arrival of a train bringing in munitions and supplies from the north.

Communications between the garrison and the Russian forces to the north are maintained by wireless telegraphy, and it was by this means that General Stoessel was notified of the train's approach.

The enemy were found barring the road, the Russians attacked, and a sharp engagement followed, as the result of which the Japanese are alleged to have been driven back with the loss of over 1,000 killed and wounded, the Russians losing 116 killed and wounded.

General Stoessel's force returned to Port Arthur, together with the train.—Reuter.

JAPANESE BOAT STRUCK.

Twenty-five Men Killed by a Russian Shell.

Although Admiral Togo in another message reports that there were no casualties on his side during a recent reconnaissance off Port Arthur, the following telegram shows that the Russian fire was effective:—

"Tokio, Sunday.

"During the reconnaissance by the Japanese fleet under Admiral Togo off Port Arthur on

Friday a shell struck the destroyer Akatsuki, killing one officer and twenty-four men.—Reuter.

ANOTHER CRUISER REPORTED SUNK.

PARIS, Saturday.

A private telegram received at St. Petersburg states that another cruiser has been sunk off Port Arthur.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN NAVAL LOSSES.

Rumours were current in Tokio and St. Petersburg on Saturday that the Russian cruiser Bogatyr, belonging to the Vladivostok squadron, went ashore in a fog.

On Saturday afternoon it was reported at St. Petersburg that efforts were being made by Admiral Jessen to save the Bogatyr, and that there were good prospects of success.

Yesterday Reuter's St. Petersburg correspondent reported that the new Russian ironclad Orel, which went aground in the Neva, on her way to Kronstadt to receive her armament, has sustained further severe damage, and is said to be in danger of sinking.

TSAR'S RETURN.

Rumoured Attempt to Wreck the Royal Train.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.

The Tsar and the Hereditary Grand Duke Michael returned here to-day from Moscow.—Reuter.

PARIS, Sunday.

A telegram from St. Petersburg to the "Petit Journal" says:—"An attempt is stated to have been made to wreck a special train at the station of Kremenchug. It is reported that the pilot train preceding the Imperial train was derailed, and that several persons were killed or injured. There is some popular excitement in Southern Russia.—Reuter.

Another account says that some of the railway lines were found to be displaced outside the town, and one train was upset. The discovery was made before the Imperial train started.

LAND OPERATIONS.

Various official reports have been forwarded to St. Petersburg by General Kuropatkin and Lieut.-General Sukharoff respecting the movements of the Japanese in the vicinity of Kremenchug, but they throw no light on the development of the Japanese plans.

80,000 JAPANESE WAITING.

RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS,

Mukden, Friday.

The Japanese main body, the strength of which is estimated at 80,000 men, remains south of the Russian force covering Liao-yang. The Japanese have apparently suspended their advance.—Reuter's Special.

JAPANESE OCCUPY KAI-PING.

TOKIO, Saturday.

Although not officially reported, it is stated on good authority that the Japanese forces have captured Kai-ping, driving the Russians back to Masmihichima, in the direction of Ying-kow. This will prevent the Russians at the latter place from advancing on Kai-ping.—Reuter's Special Service.

RUSSIANS SURROUNDED.

The Japanese Legation in London has issued the following official telegram, received from Tokio:—

"On May 20 one company of the enemy appeared six miles north of Tachikuan, and was surrounded by our infantry, and fled with many casualties. One Russian captain was taken prisoner. No Japanese casualties."

FROM THE SKIES.

Skrydloff Reported To Have Reached Port Arthur by Balloon.

PARIS, Sunday.

The "Matin" publishes a telegram from St. Petersburg containing the extraordinary report that Admiral Skrydloff has succeeded in reaching Port Arthur, presumably by balloon.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

AMERICA NOT LAND-HUNGRY.

NEW YORK, Saturday.

A banquet was held here yesterday evening to celebrate the second anniversary of Cuban independence.

A letter was read from President Roosevelt, in which he said: "It is not true that the United States is hungry for land. If a nation shows that it knows how to act decently in industrial and political matters, keeps order, and pays its obligations, it need not fear."—Reuter.

ATLANTIC RATE WAR.

The German, French, Belgian, and Dutch steamship companies engaged in the North American passenger traffic have decided to meet the measures taken by the Cunard Line to mar the Continental shipping centres in reducing the third class fares from London and Liverpool to the United States to £2.

THE KING AT WINDSOR.

Royal Family Spend Whitsuntide Quietly at the Castle.

The King and Queen and Princess Victoria, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, left Paddington at 4.45 on Saturday in the special royal train for Windsor. The King wore a frock coat and silk hat, and the Queen was dressed also in black, and was wearing a bunch of pias. Their Majesties drove to the station in a semi-state landau, preceded by a Sovereign's escort of Life Guards.

The royal party attended Divine Service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle yesterday morning. The Bishop of Bath and Wells preached. At the afternoon the bands of the Royal Horse Guards and the Coldstream Guards played on the East Terrace, to which the public were admitted.

Owing to the Court being in residence the state apartments at Windsor Castle will not be open to the public to-day.

His Majesty will be seen on the golf links and the river during his stay at Windsor, and will also witness the royal servants at cricket on the new grounds which have just been laid out close to the Castle.

THE PRINCESS'S HEALTH.

The promised visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to India will not take place, as the Princess's health will not enable her to undertake a long journey. The projected visit to St. Louis will also be abandoned.

After the London season the Prince and Princess of Wales are to spend a couple of months quietly in their Highland home.

PREMIER'S CAR TOUR.

Mr. Balfour Enjoying a Motor Ride in France.

Mr. Arthur Balfour crossed from Dover to Calais yesterday afternoon.

He is on a motor tour in France. His car awaited him at Calais, where he was also met by some friends. He motored yesterday to a place near Compiègne, where there is some excellent golfing. From there he proceeds in his car to Paris.

GELATINE IN THE WAY.

Drury Lane Opera Under the New Conditions.

Although there was not an overflowing audience at Drury Lane on Saturday night for the opening of Mr. Charles Mannes' season of national English opera, those present were very enthusiastic—in fact, sometimes hindered the progress of the opera—"Faust"—by their frequent applause.

The much-talked-of roof over the orchestra seemed to be rather in the way sometimes, for now and again it would get prodded by a violin bow in an energetic passage, and one member of the orchestra was later on seen to quietly turn back the edge of the roof where he sat.

The dancing and singing in the third act call for special mention, being particularly good.

To-night the evergreen "Bohemian Girl" is to be given, and the "Daughter of the Regiment" is down for to-morrow night.

BRITISH OFFICER ARRESTED.

PARIS, Sunday.

A telegram from Palais, Belle-Isle-en-Mer, to the "Petit Journal," announces that the police there have arrested an English officer on a charge of espionage near the Gros-Rocher battery.

Arriving at Belle-Isle on Friday evening, the officer, after having provided himself with maps and a guide to the island, passed along the coast where the fortifications are, and this led to his arrest. He had also been noticed at Quiberon on the mainland. He will be kept under arrest until inquiries have been made.—Reuter.

MOROCCO ACCEPTS BANDITS' TERMS.

The Moroccan Government have decided to grant all the demands of the bandits who captured Mr. Perdicaris and his step-son.

It is hoped (says Reuter) they will be immediately released, as the soldiers have already been withdrawn from the pursuit.

£40,000 DAMAGE AT LOWESTOFT.

At Lowestoft yesterday a serious fire broke out in the oil mills of Messrs. Lee, Barber, and Co., which face the harbour.

Three hundred feet of riverside stores and wharfare were involved, the flames, fed by barrels of oil, shooting up to a great height, and lighting up the country for miles around.

The damage is estimated at over £40,000.

At a meeting of Manchester miners it was stated that a number of men had seceded from the federation because they objected to the selection of Liberal Labour candidates for Parliament.

MIDINETTES' INVASION.

Fair Paris Visitors Think London "Un Peu Triste."

DID NOT SEE THE KING.

Paris invaded London yesterday in the form of 300 vivacious young men and women from the Louvre Stores, who had come from the gloomy metropolis for a Whitsuntide holiday.

They arrived shortly after eight in the morning, some of the girls pale and woebegone after the unsympathetic Channel crossing, but all trim and smart, after the habit of Parisian midinettes. Twelve branks awaited them, and they were promptly driven off to an English breakfast at their various hotels—the First Avenue, the Manchester, and Anderson's.

Very few had ever visited "Perfidious Albion" before, and fewer still had any English. So, as they emerged from the station toward the early morning cabbies were treated to a display of Parisian gesticulation and Parisian idioms such as they had never seen or dreamed of before. The men, numbering about two hundred, proudly paraded their nationality in the shape of white yachting caps with the tri-colour ribbon.

The girls for the most part wore the correct French travelling costume, short, close-fitting skirt, and smart high boots. Their hats were the one exception to the otherwise correct tourist attire. These girls had evidently determined to show all and sundry exactly what is the true Parisian hat. It is impossible to describe them. Sufficient that they were mostly big and had bewitching "curtains."

English Breakfast.

Some had appetites, and others, who had suffered on the sea, had not. But all looked with amazement at this early déjeuner. The men, however, having overcome their neutral astonishment at the curious English customs, fell to with a will and ate hearty breakfasts. The girls, more dainty, ate the nearest approach to French rolls that could be provided, and sipped coffee.

Afterwards they crowded out to the doors of the hotels and looked at London. It was a heavy dark morning, without sunshine or a break in an endless procession of leaden clouds. There was disappointment in their faces and attitudes. "C'est triste!" ejaculated a dark girl in a stylish blue travelling costume as she turned to find a friend.

The charabancs drove up presently, and a round of sight-seeing commenced. St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Park, and the West End were visited. Then came lunch at the Monico. There was brightness here, and a band was playing. Vivacity awoke once more, and there was much chattering and gesticulation. The waiters were implored to tell exactly what Londoners did with themselves on the one day in the week.

Where were the theatres, the cafés, and all the other places where people went for amusement? The waiters shrugged their shoulders dismally and apologetically. There were no amusements on Sundays, they declared. The people went to church. C'est tout!

Depressing Day.

After lunch things drew somewhat brighter. The brakes drove away from the gloomy, deserted streets towards Hampton Court. The air was brighter and less heavy outside. There were people to be seen, enjoying themselves after their somewhat depressing fashion, but still apparently enjoying themselves.

In the evening in one of the West End cafés a *Mirror* representative talked to a Mlle. Midinette. She had a very few words of English, having been for sometime in the English department, and waited on English ladies. The journalist had some few words of French. Between the two, mutual understanding was arrived at. She smiled almost pathetically at the question as to how she liked London, disclosing a very perfect set of teeth. With true French politeness she would not offend for worlds. But meanwhile she wished to tell the truth. "I do not," she said, hesitatingly, "know it very well, just yet. It is big city. It is a little desolate, yes? But the weather is not very good. I shall hope. The Abbey. Tres ancien. I do not like very much Buckingham Palace. It is, how you say, ugly house. We did not see the King. We should like. Does he live in that house all the time?"

With the best will in the world these Parisians, accustomed to a day of fraud and free amusement, found London triste and gloomy. To-day they will go to the Crystal Palace. They have all heard of it, and expect much from the wonderful house of glass. It is to be hoped that in one of its institutions London will not disappoint them.

OUTRAGE IN A LONELY COTTAGE.

On a charge of attempting to murder Mrs. Elizabeth Beaven, living at Thurston, a labourer named James Bugden, of Godalming, was committed for trial at Guildford on Saturday.

It was stated that he called at Mrs. Beaven's cottage, situated at a lonely place on the way to Hindhead, and purchased some gingerbeer. He got up to give Mrs. Beaven's child a halfpenny, but instead cut the woman's throat with a knife. He put up her hand, and thus prevented the wound being a fatal one.

Prisoner declared that he did not know what made him do it.

WHERE TO GO.

To-day's Amusements at Theatres and Halls.

TRIPS BY TRAIN, CAR, AND BOAT.

Despite the gloom of the week-end sanguine holiday-makers did not lose hope for to-day.

Their optimism was shared by experts. One of the chief professional experts, interviewed by a *Mirror* representative on the subject, said with a rising north wind to-day should be sunny and warm.

"In Brighton and many places on the south coast yesterday it is cheering to record sunshine and blue skies were the order of things. At the former place, according to our special correspondent, the sun shone brilliantly, and the sea was delightfully calm. After church in the morning the front presented all the appearances of a summer's day. Girls in the lightest of muslin frocks, with lace sunshades, walked up and down with men in conventional flannels, white boots, and straw hats. The Stock Exchange, as usual, was well represented at Brighton. Several prominent members of the "House" were to be noted, while four well-known brokers spent the morning dashing up and down the road between Brighton and Hove on a red Mercedes motor-car. The hotels were full, three hundred and twenty people registering at the Metropole, and scarcely a bed was to be had either at the Grand, Old Ship, or Royal York.

To-day's Trips.

This morning will see much deliberation at the breakfast tables of those who, for climatic or other reasons have decided to make home the base of Bank Holiday operations. In order to assist those of our readers we append a table, telling them what they may do and how they may do it to-day.

From the Brighton and South Coast Railway time-tables we learn that, starting from 7.30 a.m., frequent fast trains will run to Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Midhurst, Pulborough, Amberley, Arundel, Littlehampton, Chichester (for Selsey Bill), Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. The rates for tickets will be the usual cheap holiday excursions.

Starting at six o'clock, the Great Western Railway have excursions to their principal places of interest, both seaside and inland, including Bristol, Bath, Winchester, Plymouth, Cheltenham, Dorset, Teignmouth, Exford-on-Avon, Reading, Maidenhead, Windsor, and Taplow.

By Train and Boat.

The South Western have arranged special excursions to Bournemouth, Swanage, Southampton, the New Forest, and, in the evening, to Poole. Liverpool-steamers will be early ashore with frequent trains leaving for Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cromer, Felixstowe, Clacton, and Harwich. There has been the usual rush to the Continental resorts reached by this line.

The London Chatham and Dover, from 7.5 in the morning, have fast trains to Margate, Ramsgate, Herne Bay, and Dover.

The South Eastern announce the popular Boulogne and Paris excursions, leaving Charing Cross, Cannon-street, and London Bridge at an early hour.

The Midland Railway's excursion trains will be run to Leicester, Nottingham, St. Albans, Luton, and Bedford, with special trains will be put on for the Manchester races.

The London, Tilbury, and Southend Company will run special and ordinary trains from Fenchurch-street, Liverpool-street, and Mansion House in connection with all stations throughout Metropolitan and District Railways' systems. Fares, first-class, 4s. 1d.; second-class, 2s. 6d.

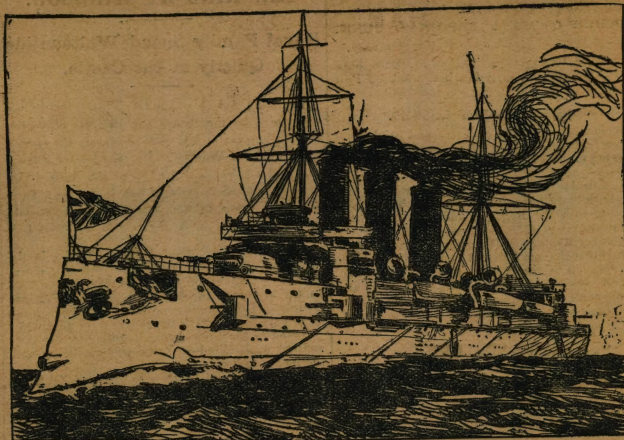
The Palace Steamboat Company, who commenced their summer season on Saturday, have boats starting from London Bridge at 8.50, 9.20, and 9.50 to Southend, Walton, Southwold, Lowestoft, and Yarmouth. At 2.30 a boat will leave for a trip round the Nore Lightship, while up-river journeys will be given by the Diamond Queen and the Duke of York from Richmond and Kingston at eleven respectively.

Palace and Exhibition.

The attractions for those preferring to remain close to home are, as usual, numerous and comprehensive. The Crystal Palace promises a military concert by seven combined army bands, a cricket match, a polo match, a meeting of the Polytechnic Harriers, a balloon ascent by Mr. Spencer, a trial trip of the Beedle airship—if the weather be favourable—a variety entertainment, with Arthur Roberts and the Fred Karno troupe, and ending with a fireworks display by Messrs. Brock.

The Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court, admittedly the best of recent years, has a host of attractions to offer for a Bank Holiday. Doors will be opened at eleven, an hour earlier than usual, and will remain open until eleven at night. The won-

THE WRECKED RUSSIAN CRUISER.



The Russian cruiser Bogaty, of the Vladivostok squadron, which is reported to have run ashore at Vladivostok during a heavy fog.—(Drawn by a "Mirror" artist from a photograph of the ship.)

derful "Venice by Night," with its gondolas, the Grand Canal and Piazza, its Venetian singers and dancers, will be accessible throughout the day. In addition to the Bersaglieri and Grenadiers' Bands, that of the 21st Lancers has been specially engaged for the day. Six performances will be given at the La Scala Theatre, with special prices, while the Maxim flying machine, the Roman forum, and the ever-popular chute will provide excellent entertainment, be the weather wet or fine.

Rosheridge Gardens, after some years of lethargy, have been reopened, and Londoners will find an excellent day's amusement there.

Racing Fixtures.

To-day's meeting at Hurst Park promises to be one of the best ever provided on a Bank Holiday; while other meetings are taking place at Wolverhampton, Redcar, Hooton Park, and Cardiff. The first race at Hurst Park will be at 2 p.m., and special trains will be run from Waterloo, Vauxhall, and Clapham Junction.

The North London Railway will run trains every few minutes from Broad-street to Chalk Farm, for Primrose Hill, Regent's Park, and the Zoological Gardens, to Hampstead Heath, and Willesden Junction.

The Great Eastern suburban have arranged a quick service to Chingford and the Epping Forest district.

The Central London Railway will have a three-minute service in connection with the electric trains for Kew, Hounslow, Twickenham, Hampton Court, Ealing, and Southall.

The museums open will be the British Museum, South Kensington Museum, Victoria and Albert Museum, Horniman Museum (Forest Hill), the National Gallery, National Portrait Gallery, Tate Gallery, and the Royal Academy.

Evening Amusements.

For those who desire to spend the evening at a theatre we give a complete programme of all theatres in and around London.

ADELPHI	"The Earl and the Girl"	8.15
ALHAMBRA	Varities and Ballet	7.45
ARFOLLO	"Verona"	8.0
COMEDY	"Sunday"	8.30
COURT	"Garden"	8.15
CRITERION	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
DALY'S	"The Clingale"	8.30
DUKE OF YORK	"The Rich Mrs. Beaton"	8.30
DRURY LANE	"Moody-Manners Opera Co."	7.45
EARL'S COURT	"Italian Exhibition, 3 and 8"	8.0
EMPERIAL	"The Palace"	8.15
EMPIRE	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
GAIETY	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
GRAND	"A Marriage has been Arranged"	8.15
HIPPODROME	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
HIS MAJESTY'S	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
IMPERIAL	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
LYRIC	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
MADAME TESSAUD'S	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
NEW	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
OXFORD	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
PALACE	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
PRINCE OF WALES'S	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
ROYAL HOLBORN	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
ROYAL VICTORIA	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
SHAFTESBURY	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
ST. JAMES'S	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
STRAUD	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
TEBBY'S	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
TIVOLI	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
VAUDEVILLE	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15
WINDMILL	"The Duke of Killarney"	8.15

The following West End Theatres are closed—Great Queen-street, Princess's, and Savoy.

OUTLYING THEATRES.

ALEXANDRA	"Morocco Bound"	7.45
BOROUGH	"In Dahomey"	7.45
BRISTOL	"Man to Man"	7.45
CAMBRIDGE	"Varieties, 6.30 and 7.45"	7.45
CANTERBURY	"Mr. S. Willard and Co."	8.0
GROSVENOR	"Charley's Aunt"	8.0
GROSVENOR	"The Admirable Crichton"	7.45
HOLBORN	"The Bull and the Lion"	7.45
HOVE	"Home, Sweet Home"	7.45
IMPERIAL	"The Master Criminal"	7.45
IMPERIAL	"Varieties, 6.50 and 9.10"	7.45
IMPERIAL	"Cousin Kate"	8.0

REFINED HORSEPLAY.

Guards' Chargers That "Centre" and "Dribble" Like Cup Winners.

The Royal Horse Guards teams of pushball players will both amuse and interest the thousands who will visit the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall in the coming weeks.

On Saturday a *Daily Mirror* representative visited Windsor cavalry barracks to see one of the final rehearsals before the men of the Blues proceeded to London. Unfortunately the weather was not propitious, and the game was consequently not seen under the best of conditions. Still, it was very exciting from start to finish, and is even more interesting to watch than a first class football match.

The intelligence displayed by the horses is marvellous, and their movements prove quite infectious. Saturday's display was given in the open air in a field at the back of the barracks, and in the adjoining meadow were about a dozen cows and horses, and a donkey, peacefully grazing.

As soon as the pushball horses got to work, however, the cows and horses and the donkey lifted their heads, watched the game for a while, and then started to play an imaginary game of pushball on their own.

Equine Dribblers.

The Blues' field of play measured eighty yards by twenty-six yards, and was staked out with lances. The goal posts consisted of poles five yards apart, and, of course, there was no cross-bar. There was a horse and rider in each goal, who acted as custodians, and the ball was set rolling in the centre of the field, the six players being grouped around it.

Then one horse hooked the sphere out and kicked it with his forelegs, and down the field went the animals like racehorses. Very clever work was done by the horses as they centred the ball, dribbled it down the ground, or stopped it with their hindquarters.

The men rode barebacked, and were attired only in trousers, jerseys, and caps. They simply guided the animals and did not play the ball at all themselves.

Major King, of the Blues, who has been appointed to fill the late Major Bruce's place at the Tournament, is in charge of the players, and the invention of the game is entirely due to him.

Members of the Royal Family are said to be much interested in the new game, and are anxious to see it played at the Tournament.

MAXIM AIRSHIPS

Sail Over the Summer Lake at the Italian Exhibition.

Sir Hiram Maxim's captive airships, which daily convey crowds of more or less nervous passengers at a great pace through mid air at the Earl's Court Exhibition, have caught on. If the weather to-day is propitious it is safe to prophesy that these flying monsters will be the most popular feature of the Italian Exhibition. On the first day that the elaborate machinery was set working 2,600 passengers were carried, and on Saturday no fewer than 4,000 did the Santos-Dumont act (with limitations) to their entire satisfaction.

A *Mirror* representative, arriving early, was so fortunate as to have an aerial spin by himself. Once aboard one of the airships the speed soon increases until one whirls through space with such rapidity that one holds on as strenuously as may be, and gives oneself up to the delightful sensation of swiftness and smoothness which one experiences as one whizzes round through the air.

One day last week a lady dropped a pair of gold pince-nez into the lake, above which the mechanism is erected, and in her excitement was fain to get out and recover them—forgetting that they were lying in the water, 50ft. below.

People are now giving "flying ship" parties, and many applications have been made to the management for the exclusive engagement of the machine for an entire evening.

THE DUKE'S PICTURES.

By order of the executors of the late Duke of Cambridge there will be sold at Christie's on June 11 a very important collection of historical portraits and pictures. Among the portraits are fine examples of the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Sir W. Beechey. There are no less than half a dozen portraits of George III., and as many of his successor; and among other celebrated pictures that will come under the hammer is Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Neil Gwynne seated in a landscape with a lamb.

There will also be put up for sale two beautiful examples of the work of Greuze, a fine Canaletto—"Greenwich Hospital"—and a picture by Sir Edwin Landseer of the late Duke's pets—his pony Selim, his Newfoundland dog Nelson, and a spaniel named Flora. This was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1885.

SUMMER SAILINGS.

Opening Sea Trips of the Popular "Palace" Steamers.

The advent of summer was made apparent on Saturday by the starting of the New Palace steamers, Royal Sovereign and Koh-I-Noor, from Old Swan Pier to Margate and Ramsgate. Unfortunately the weather did not blend with the occasion.

The steamers looked taut and trim with their new coats of paint and varnish, but the cold wind and rain compelled the officers to hide their gold-braided uniforms under sou'-westers and oilskins.

The Koh-I-Noor left the pier at 8.50 a.m., and the Royal Sovereign followed at 9.30.

Passengers muffled up with wraps, waterproofs, and leggings braved the violence of the storm, and mustered on the hurricane deck in fairly good numbers.

A considerable increase to the passengers' list was made at Tilbury, and in all over 1,000 persons travelled by these popular steamers.

Had the Fates who control the weather been kinder that number would have been more than doubled.

Captain Fishenden, who has for years commanded the Marguerite, which is now carrying troops between Llandudno and Liverpool, was in charge of the Koh-I-Noor, and Captain Holland has the Royal Sovereign.

CART-HORSE PARADE.

Over nine hundred London cart-horses will compete for the prizes, which amount to £400, at the annual parade in Regent's Park to-day.

Prizes are given irrespective of breed, and additional cash prizes will be given to the seventy-four drivers in the parade who have been over twenty years in the employ of the same firm.

Judging commences at 9.30 a.m., and the distribution of prizes and the grand march past will take place at 2.30 in the afternoon.

When the horses muster early in the morning they pass an examination by veterinary surgeons, and then the judges inspect them for grooming and cleanliness.

ACCIDENT TO MR. DAN LENO.

Mr. Dan Leno met with an accident at his house after returning from his engagement at the London Pavilion, and will not be able to appear again until the middle of the week.

During his absence Mr. Malcolm Scott has taken the popular comedian's place in the Pavilion programme.

Mrs. Leno said yesterday that her husband slipped on the stairs and struck his head when he fell.

The doctor said that the injuries were not serious, but Mr. Leno had received a severe shaking, and would be better for a week's rest.

GLADSTONE BAG DILEMMA.

Strange Sequel to an Hotel Acquaintanceship.

A curious case, involving the question whether a Gladstone bag had been stolen, as the owner alleged, or, on the other hand, entrusted by him to the care of the man accused of the theft, as the latter contended, came before the Southwark magistrate on Saturday.

A well-dressed man, who gave his name as Clement Leslie, and described himself as a stock-jobber, was charged with stealing a Gladstone bag belonging to Mr. Morris Clear, a tobacconist living in Lewisham High-road.

Mr. Clear stated that he met Leslie while he was staying for two nights in the early part of April at Pearce and Plenty's Hotel in Borough High-street. He left his Gladstone bag there, afterwards writing to the manager to take care of it for him. In the meantime, however, Leslie had taken it away.

Protesting that he was absolutely innocent of the charge, Leslie told the magistrate that, at the request of Mr. Clear, who was ill when he met him at the hotel, he endeavored to get him into Guy's Hospital. He accompanied him to a friend's office, but Mr. Clear raved to such an extent that his own friend wanted to give him in charge.

Looking For His Wife.

A telegram was sent to Belvedere, where it was supposed Mr. Clear's wife was staying with a Mr. and Mrs. Cox, and Leslie took him there by train, not caring to leave him in the condition in which he had been.

Mr. Clear, said Leslie, continued to rave, and having arrived at Mr. Cox's house at Belvedere, refused to leave, although he was informed that his wife was not there. Ultimately Mr. Cox ejected him in the presence of a police officer, and Mr. Clear was taken to the police station. The divisional surgeon declared that he was a maniac, and he was removed to Dartford Infirmary.

Questioned by the magistrate, Mr. Clear denied that he asked Leslie to take care of the bag. It was true that he was suffering from delirium tremens at Belvedere, and was taken to the police station. Prior to going to the hotel in the Borough he had been in the habit of drinking.

A detective stated that Leslie belonged to a good family. His real name was Leslie Smith, and his father resided at Lancaster-gate, but the accused did not live with his parents owing to some disagreement.

The magistrate remanded Leslie, accepting £5 bail.

FROM "WINDSOR CASTLE."

Royal Motor Hurts a Man and Astonishes a Policeman.

The King's motor-car was being driven down the King's-road, Chelsea, on Saturday afternoon, when it knocked down a man named Kennisick, injuring his right arm. The chauffeur and his assistant were the only occupants of the car, which was being driven to Windsor Castle.

A policeman immediately stopped the car, asking the driver his name and address, and was naturally somewhat taken aback when he received the answer "Windsor Castle."

Then for the first time he noticed that the car was without a number—an omission which is the royal privilege. No blame attaches to the driver of the car.

STAGE AMBITIONS CHECKED.

Two sisters named Lillian and Louisa Munt, aged twenty-one and nineteen respectively, were charged at Lambeth Police Court on Saturday with stealing some jewellery and articles of clothing from a house at Mount Edgumbe-gardens, Clapham-rise.

The girls were employed at the house as servants, but left without giving notice. The day afterwards some property was missed. Subsequently the girls were arrested.

Their father told the magistrate that the fact of the matter was that the girls were stage-struck.

One of the court missionaries volunteered to find homes for the girls, and the magistrate, in accepting the offer and in adjourning the further hearing of the case sine die, warned the girls as to their future conduct.

ANNOYED BY A WAX MODEL.

A valuable plate-glass window at the shop of a Maiden Vale hairdresser, named Louis Rees, was broken on Friday night, and subsequently a labourer, named John Brown, confessed to a policeman that he had been guilty of the act. His explanation, the constable told the Marylebone magistrate on Saturday, was that he had smashed it with a stone because there was a wax model of a woman in the window, and he thought it looked at him. The man seemed quite right in his mind and did not appear to have been drinking. The magistrate committed Brown for trial.

For keeping a disorderly house at 333, Essex-road, Islington, Walter Penfold was sentenced to four and Ellen Curtis to three months' imprisonment at the North London Police Court.

MISS GRAHAME'S MIDNIGHT LEAP.

Unnerved by Her Recent Law Suit, the Heroine of "Oh! Charlie, Come To Me" Plunges Into the Thames.

Quite an "embarras de richesses" of fame is surrounding the attractive personality of Miss Gracie Grahame.

She stood up in the dock of Bow-street Police Court on Saturday morning and found herself famous beyond the dreams of avarice.

When, a few days ago, she lost her fiercely-disputed lawsuit for the possession of that exquisite ode, "Oh! Charlie," brought against a rival artist, Miss Katie Lawrence, renowned and public acclamation came crowding upon her; and when she stood up, a tearful, blonde, rescued, lovely heroine, before Mr. Fenwick in the Bow-street dock, fame had done its utmost. It had practically said the last word.

"Gracie Grahame, aged twenty-six, music-hall artiste, of Brunswick-mansion, charged with attempting to commit suicide by drowning herself in the Thames," said the charge-sheet.

"What a pathetic situation!" said Fane.

Curtain Bung Down on "Oh! Charlie."

The thrilling story of Miss Gracie Grahame's adventure, which, through the river Thames, led to Bow-street Police Court, is as follows: On Friday night she created her usual immense furore—a furore that has been even more immense since her appearance before Mr. Justice Darling—at the Empress Theatre, Brixton. The success of her "turn," and the public furore, had been accentuated on this particular evening by the fact that the curtain was rung down just as she was beginning to sing "Oh! Charlie." The sympathy of the audience knew no bounds.

After the performance she drove with some friends to a hostelry in Waterloo Bridge-road. Here the party alighted and proceeded to take refreshments. Suddenly they looked round and missed Miss Gracie Grahame. She was gone.

Midnight Vision at Waterloo Bridge.

In the street outside a daintily-dressed little lady, violently agitated, was hurrying in the direction of Waterloo Bridge. Passers-by thought that she was a charming twentieth-century Cinderella, for the time was just after midnight.

When Miss Grahame reached the bridge—the flitting lady was she—she espied the steps that led down to where the river flows mudily and shallowly at low tide by the side of an undesirable beach. Down the steps she tripped and across the beach.

Then, without hesitation, she "threw herself into the river," to use the time-honoured phrase that is always employed to describe such events.

Fortunately a gallant policeman—P.C. Salter, 81 E—had caught a glimpse of her from the bridge above. He followed her as fast as his legs would take him, and plunged into the river after her.

As luck would have it, a boat was being opportunely rowed on the river hard by, and, with the help of boat and policeman, Miss Grahame was got to dry land. She spent the rest of the night in the Bear Yard Infirmary.

A Modern Aphrodite.

Those who saw the rescue from the bridge describe Miss Grahame's appearance variously. One spectator likened her to Aphrodite rising from the sea foam; others made more prosaic comparisons.

Miss Grahame, wearing a dark costume and the Bench Court VIII, had to wait some little time at Bow-street before her solicitor could be fetched, and her case heard.

When she took a seat in the dock she buried her

face in her hands and her golden curls shook with emotion.

The rescuer-constable then told his story. The water, he said, was from two to three feet deep at the point where Miss Grahame entered the river.

Another police official, who received the rescued lady, said that she made the following statement:—

"I meant to do it at the time, but I am very sorry now. You must think me wicked, but I have had a lot of trouble. First they stole my song, 'Charlie,' and now they won't let me sing it at all, and they rang the curtain down on me at Brixton and Croydon."

Miss Grahame's solicitor, Mr. Osbaldeston, then spoke. He said that the young lady had been engaged in a great deal of litigation, which had very much upset her. She also understood that someone had told the manager at the music-hall on Friday night that an injunction had been obtained against her singing "Oh! Charlie" any more, and that was why the curtain had been rung down.

If the magistrate would take a lenient view of the offence, added Mr. Osbaldeston, he himself and a young lady friend of Miss Grahame's, present in court, would see after her safety.

Mr. Fenwick: Girl, what have you got to say for yourself?

Miss Grahame: I—I—I am very—very—sorry. And so was everybody else in court to hear the poor, famous heroine's sobs.

Her Promise to the Magistrate.

Mr. Fenwick: Promise me you will never do anything so foolish again.

Miss Grahame: Oh! (several sobs) yes.

Mr. Fenwick thereupon bound over Miss Grahame on her own recognisances with those of her solicitor, £20 each, to be good and keep away from mud flats for at least six months.

So she left the police court, still sobbing, under the charge of her friends.

Those who wish to have an ocular demonstration of how charming and famous she is will have an opportunity of doing so during this week at the Paragon, Mile End, where Miss Grahame, soon after her release, told an interviewer she is about to perform.

MISS GRAHAME'S SENSATIONS.

Her Appreciation of the Magistrate's Kindness.

In an interview with a Press representative after her departure from Bow-street, Miss Grahame said:—

"Losing my case has been a terrible blow to me. You see, law is very expensive. But I stuck to my work, and made up my mind that I would struggle through. When, however, without any warning, the curtain was rung down on me—the worst thing that can happen to an artiste—I felt that the climax had been reached and they had taken my very livelihood away."

"Then I got hysterical. I know it was silly to get so excited, but, after all, I'm only a girl."

"Kind! Oh, very kind the police were; but I shall never forget the night on that little bed in the lonely ward of the infirmary, wondering what would be done to me in the morning. I felt sure that I should be sent to prison."

"Then the dock in the police-court, and the magistrate who looked so stern, but who really was so kind. When he said, 'My poor girl, why did you do this?' I broke down altogether."

WIFE'S PREFERENCE FOR LONDON.

Admitting that he had not paid £16 7s. to his wife under a maintenance order, Donald Macpherson, an Edinburgh bookbinder, who was brought before the Lambeth magistrate on a warrant, explained the circumstances under which the necessity for the order had arisen.

He left London, he said, last July in search of employment, and found work in Edinburgh. He wrote asking his wife to come there, and she kept half-promising to come, but, eventually, after four months' negotiations, she said she wouldn't come at all. Of course, he didn't like to be 400 miles away from his children, and he didn't see why his wife couldn't as well live in Edinburgh as in London.

The magistrate made an order requiring Macpherson to pay the amount claimed, together with £5 costs, or go to prison for two months.

EVICTED TURNED HER BRAIN.

Being unable to pay his rent, Albert Pickle, a Clerkenwell labourer, was evicted and all his furniture put out in the street. He borrowed sixpence, which he gave his wife to buy some food for herself and the children, but the poor woman's head was so turned by the trouble that she bought twopennyworth of nitric acid and drank it.

A SONG AND ITS SINGER.

Omnibus Vocalist's Adventure with Two of His Audience.

At the South-Western Police Court on Saturday a strange story was told by George Tickner, of Tooting, in connection with a charge of wounding preferred against Esther Durbridge, a machinist, and Mark Illsley, a labourer, living at Wandsworth.

Tickner said he was followed by the accused after leaving a bus in which they all had been travelling, and when in a dark part of the road the man butted him. They struggled and fell, he being uppermost. The young woman then, it was said, jumped on to his back, and stabbed him in the arm with her hat-pin. He had had six or seven drinks of mild Scotch ale, but was sober. While in the bus he sang softly. It was not an objectionable song.

Mr. Weekes (for the defence): Why do you say it was nothing indecent? I put it to you that the male prisoner complained of your conduct in the matter and requested you not to sing such things in the presence of women?

Witness: No, he only suggested that I should sing the "Blind Boy."

Mr. Weekes: Didn't you two adjourn to a neighbouring room and arrange to have a pugilistic display out side?

Witness denied this, and in answer to further questions also denied that he fell on the hat-pin. The accused, who reserved their defence, were committed for trial.

THE "BUZZERS" SPOKESMAN.

Scheme by Which Robbery is Conducted With Impunity.

"Buzzing" in the criminal's vocabulary indicates a form of robbery in which a gang of thieves surround a victim, who is robbed by one of their number while the rest "buzz" round him.

Should the victim attempt to secure the thief, the "spokesman" of the gang declares that he, as a passer-by, had seen the robbery and that the wrong man had been held while the actual thief had escaped.

One of the most successful exponents of this form of robbery was sentenced to three months' hard labour by the Southwark magistrate on Saturday as a suspected person. His name is Sidney Perry, twenty-one years of age, who describes himself as a carpenter.

Detective-Sergeant Caselton said that Perry was detected climbing a stack pipe in Blackfriars-road. He was wearing gloves to prevent finger impressions, and had an electric lantern. Although only twenty-one, he had undergone several long terms of imprisonment, and was a member of a dangerous gang. As he was of good appearance and possessed a plausible tongue he was chosen as spokesman when a person was to be "buzzed."

WIFE'S SUICIDE THROUGH RENT TROUBLES.

The knowledge that her husband found difficulty in paying the rent worried Mrs. Mary Ann Pickell, the young wife of a yardman living in Clerkenwell-green, to such an extent that she told a neighbour she would do away with herself.

Last Wednesday she asked her husband for sixpence to get some food for the children. She then went to a chemist and bought one ounce and a half of nitric acid, with which she intended to carry out her purposes. At half-past three the same afternoon she was found by a constable in St. James's-walk, Clerkenwell-green, lying unconscious on the pavement. She died twenty-four hours later from the effects of nitric acid poison.

A verdict of Suicide was returned at the inquest on Saturday.

CURE BY PERSUASION.

A working man, aged twenty-three, applied to Mr. Paul Taylor at Southwark Police Court on Saturday for a summons under the last Licensing Act against his wife for a separation order, alleging that she was an habitual drunkard.

The Magistrate: How old is she?

Applicant: Twenty, sir.

The Magistrate: Dear me, and you say she is an habitual drunkard! How long have you been married?

Applicant: Eight months.

The Magistrate: I do not think this is a proper case for a summons. You must endeavour to persuade her to amend her ways.

MOTHER'S NEGLECT SEVERELY PUNISHED.

For neglecting her children Alice Maud Challen, of 83, Greenbank, Wapping, was ordered at the Thames Court on Saturday to six months' hard labour.

The evidence of an inspector of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children showed that a baby ten months old was found by him in a deplorable condition and sucking an empty bottle. The mother was drunk, and the child only weighed 7½lb., instead of 13lb. Since its admission to the St. George's-in-the-East Infirmary it had gained 4lb.

The King has presented to the Royal University of Ireland a signed portrait of himself.

Joseph Bennett, rural postman between Clitheroe and the village of Pendleton, has retired on a pension, after walking over 126,000 miles.

A public recreation ground is to be made of the old cemetery of St. Mary's, Rotherhithe, the Rochester Diocesan Registry having granted a faculty. The tombstones will be ranged around the walls.

The King will present a cup of the value of £100 to the Royal Cinque Ports Yacht Club, to be sailed for at Dover on July 15 or 16 by yachts of thirty tons register and upwards; five to start or there will be no race.

Americans resident in London have obtained permission to erect a stained glass window in St. Saviour's Collegiate Church, Southwark, as a memorial to John Harvard, who originated the great college which bears his name in the United States. Harvard was born near St. Saviour's Church in the seventeenth century.

THE MONKEY'S BITE.

Charles Clark, aged seven, dropped his cap in a miniature menagerie at Walworth. In stooping to pick it up he placed his hand on the iron wire of a monkey's cage, with the result that the monkey severed the right index finger with his teeth.

The boy was taken to St. Thomas's Hospital.

RAFFLE FOR MACKEREL.

A mackerel boat landed a large catch at Milford Haven on Saturday. But little business is done there on Saturdays, and no merchant would bid for the fish. A suggestion to raffle for the cargo was, however, welcomed as a sporting event, and fish merchants willingly bought 5s. shares. The winner held two shares, and for 10s. became the owner of several thousands of mackerel.

CHILD FALLS INTO BOILING BROTH.

Mrs. Bowers, of Paddington, placed a large pan containing boiling broth on the hearth and went to the other end of the room, leaving her son, aged twenty-two months, playing close by.

She heard a scream, and turning round saw the child had fallen into the pan. He was taken to St. Mary's Hospital and died shortly afterwards.

APPRENTICES BEAT THEIR EMPLOYERS.

Two hundred and six apprentices at Messrs. George Clark's, Limited, marine engine works, Southwick, were summoned at the Sunderland Petty Sessions on fortnight ago for leaving work in protest against the system of fines.

In retaliation the apprentices brought a test case against the firm for illegal fining, and on Saturday all the summonses against apprentices were withdrawn, and the firm was fined 5s. and costs.

GLUT OF ASPARAGUS.

Asparagus has been selling at extraordinarily low prices. A bundle of a hundred stalks was to be had at Covent Garden for a shilling, and men on the street were selling the succulent vegetable retail at from 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. a bundle. One man disposed of no fewer than forty-eight bundles at this price.

It is not only French asparagus that is cheap, but also the English, which, with its bright green stalks and superior, delicate flavour, will make thousands of suburban holiday dinners more succulent. There is a touch of aristocracy about the vegetable which gives it an added savour. Even down in the East End the costers were hawking it, and their workmen will fare like duchesses on what is left of the barrow stock.

DOG ENTITLED TO BITE.

When little Henry Babb was playing in the streets at Plaistow a dog, belonging to Mr. Hibbs, of Plaistow, suddenly flew at him, biting him through the lip, on the cheek, and under the eye.

When Mr. Hibbs was told what had happened he was alleged to have said, "What is the good of having a dog if it won't bite?"

Henry Babb, through his next friend, sued Mr. Hibbs at Bow, but that gentleman pleaded that he did not know his dog had bitten anyone before, and so won the case.

In giving a verdict for the defendant, Judge Smyth said that he was afraid he must grant costs, but that if there was any trouble in paying them, he would only make a very small order.

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA DANCE.

At the great ball at the Albert Hall on June 3, which is being organised by several well-known society ladies in aid of King's College Hospital Removal Fund, it is proposed to introduce a charming new entertainment, to be called the "Andromeda Dance." Real rose-bushes are to be placed around the ball, and fair damsels will be fastened to the trees, but instead of the iron chains with which Andromeda was bound there will be bonds of silk. To each lady a "Perseus" will wait, cut the bonds, rescue the "Andromeda," and wait away with her in triumph.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

During the past few days gnaus have mounted the slopes of Windsor Castle, annoyed the sentries on guard, and even penetrated into the servants' hall.

In fining Henry Thompson, of Croydon, £15 for street betting the Bench condemned him for pretending to be a respectable tradesman and taking bets in pence from boys.

The committee of the Brompton Hospital has decided to set apart wards specially for Jewish patients, with the further provision that there shall be a "Kosher" kitchen, under the superintendence of a Jewish cook.

Thomas Callow, aged seven, who went fishing in the Lea, near Spring Hill, in spite of his parents' commands, tumbled in and was drowned. His companion was so frightened that he said nothing about the accident. A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

STOLE HIS BRIDE'S WEDDING-RING.

At Blackburn a young brickmaker named Elliott had arranged to marry a girl named Baker, but on the eve of the wedding he asked the bride to lend him her wedding-ring as a guide to a friend, who wished to buy a dressing for her. Ten minutes afterwards he sent her a note saying the wedding was off.

The Bench said he was guilty of mean and disgraceful conduct, and fined him 20s., or a month's imprisonment.

MENAGERIE AND INFANTS' HOME.

A Kilburn woman has been refused a licence, under the Infant Life Protection Act, under which she sought to take a third child from a rescue home, by the Willesden Guardians.

The refusal was based on the report of the guardians' inspector, which stated that the applicant occupied one room with her mother, two infants from the home, two infants taken in by the day, two cats, and a pigeon.

TO FEED SCHOOL CHILDREN.

At the week-end meeting of Islington Borough Council the following resolution was agreed to:—"That it is desirable that local education authorities should be empowered to spend public money for the purpose of providing food for children attending public elementary schools wherever, in the judgment of the authorities, it is desirable in the public interests that such provision should be made."

MYSTERIOUS WEST END OUTRAGE.

While walking along Shaftesbury-avenue on Saturday, Charles Pennington, of Stoke Newington, was felled by a blow from behind.

The blow was delivered by some man unknown with a heavy, blunt instrument, and Pennington was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in a critical condition. His assailant had meantime disappeared, and has not yet been traced.

STABBED THE CONSTABLE.

As Police-constable Holwell, C Division, was standing in the centre of Charing Cross-road, opposite the Cranborne Hotel, on Saturday night, a man of about forty years of age suddenly went up to him and stabbed him in the forehead.

The constable's helmet was cut through, and he was taken to the Charing Cross Hospital. His assailant was arrested, and will be brought up at Marlborough-street Police Station to-day.

"DADDY WILL BE DEAD."

"Daddy will be dead in the morning," said Henry Booth to the little son he was bathing over night. He then drank spirits of salts, and the next morning, as he had prophesied, he died.

At the inquest on Saturday it was stated that Booth, who had lived in the Kensal-road, was a carpenter's labourer. He had for some time been pining, grey eyes, and had had very much unwell and unable to work, which had very much depressed him. He had often said he did not like seeing his wife going to work to feed him.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide while of unsound mind.

DROPPED DEAD IN THE DRAPER'S.

An unknown woman staggered into the shop of Mr. George White, a Dalston-lane draper, and fell against a customer there. She had the appearance of an intoxicated person, and was placed on a chair while the police were sent for, but she rolled off and fell on the floor. When a doctor arrived it was found that the woman was dead.

She was carrying what appeared to be a small bottle of gin in her hand, and her description, being about forty years, height 5ft. 2in., fair complexion, grey eyes, dark brown hair. But no one has come forward to identify her. At the inquest on Saturday it was stated that her name was unknown.

Dr. Thomas Barlow stated that death was due to pneumonia accelerated by exposure and excessive drinking, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the doctor's evidence.

Her artificial teeth being dislodged by a fall downstairs, Mrs. Elizabeth Punt, of Norwich, died from suffocation.

When a man and his wife were sent to prison at Barry for neglecting their children, it was stated that the woman, a sixteen-year-old son, and five small children slept in one bed.

Mr. Francombe (head master of Medcliff School, Bristol) was recently presented with a cane, decorated with flowers, and bearing a table with the words:—"In thankful remembrance of many just punishments received."

The Bethnal Green Borough Council have decided to perform the scavenging and dust collecting of the borough by direct labour. It is estimated that this will cost the ratepayers £13,153 per annum, as against £13,645 as at present done by contractors.

RATS' STRANGE FOSTER-MOTHER.

A Mr. Burnett, of Dudley, found a nest of young rats, and threw these to a female ferret, which had recently given birth to a litter. Instead of devouring them she carried them to her own nest, and is now suckling them with her offspring.

DUCHESS READS TO PAUPERS.

During a recent visit to Mere Workhouse the Duchess of Somerset read the current war news to the blind and aged paupers.

So much was her Grace impressed with the pleasure it gave the old people that she has promised to supply the institution with daily papers, and at her request the guardians have arranged for an official to read to the old people each day.

RIVAL TO HOMING PIGEONS?

I bought a thrush last December from a man living the other side of the town, writes a Mr. Maskell, of Dunstable, and last week it escaped from its cage and flew back to the house in which it was reared. Have any *Mirror* readers heard of a thrush thus showing the homing instinct after such a lapse of time?

STOLE FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

"I stole and pawned the things to get food for the children because my husband is out of work," said Jane Lumley when charged at Scarborough with stealing linen worth £4 and other articles from her lodger.

The unhappy woman, who appeared in court with a baby in her arms and said she had four children all under four years of age, was bound over.

STEPPED IN FRONT OF THE ENGINE.

A young lady, who had been walking up and down the platform at Parkstone, near Bournemouth, on Saturday afternoon, was seen, as the Bournemouth train approached, to walk right in front of it. The engine knocked her down, and she was nearly decapitated. Nothing has been found on the body to establish identification.

NEW TERRORS FOR PUBLICANS.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson has introduced into the House of Commons a Bill, framed on a Canadian law, which possesses new terrors for publicans.

It is provided that sellers of liquor who supply persons with drink, which leads to intoxication, and results in fatal accidents, murders, or imprisonment, shall be liable to pay compensation to those who are dependent upon the persons who die or are imprisoned. In case of imprisonment 5s. a day must be paid to those depending on the prisoner for their livelihood.

The Bill also provides that in the case of "tied houses," brewers, distillers, and others to whom the licensed houses are tied, shall be liable jointly with the licensees of such houses for injuries defined in the Bill.

CREW'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES.

According to information received in North Shields, the wreck of the steamer Turret Bay off Halifax, Nova Scotia, was attended by most harrowing circumstances. The vessel struck upon a reef and then backed off, but sank within twenty minutes in deep water.

The captain and seven of the crew went down with the ship, and the lifeboat picked up the remaining fourteen hands, who were found clinging to floating wreckage. The exposure had been so severe, however, that five succumbed from the effects.

TO UXBRIDGE BY TRAMCAR.

The Uxbridge extension of the tramways from Southall is expected to be open for public traffic early in June. There will be an alternate five minutes service from Uxbridge to Hammersmith Broadway and from Uxbridge to Shepherd's Bush. Fares will be in penny sections, with a fivepenny through fare, covering a distance of considerably over twelve miles.

Messrs. Beyer, Peacock, and Co., of Manchester, have begun to build thirty of the largest locomotives ever made, for the Indian Government.

The season-ticket system has been introduced on the Southport tramway system, a pass for six months on a 14d. route costing £1 10s., and for twelve months £2 10s.

Some sixty original sketches by the Southwark boy artist, Austin Osman Spare, one of whose pictures is in the Royal Academy, are on view in the Southwark Reference Library, Walworth-road.

A movement is on foot to secure the use of the various bandstands in the London parks as centres for the delivery of lectures and addresses by well-known men on non-controversial subjects when the stands are not required for musical purposes.

At Bristol on Saturday William Gough, aged twenty-one, was sent to prison for two months for stealing various articles belonging to his own mother. He had previously been in trouble for stealing his brother's property and assaulting his sister.

THE UNION JACK CLUB.

Sir E. W. D. Ward, president of the Council of the Union Jack Club, announced that a site for the club has been secured in Waterloo-road, almost opposite the exit from Waterloo Station. The foundation-stone will be laid by the Prince of Wales on July 21, and the Princess of Wales will receive purses of £50 each towards the building fund.

The sum of £31,000 has already been subscribed, but another £30,000 is required to cover the purchase of the site and the erection of the building.

BRITTON HAPPY AGAIN.

City toilers who dwell in Britton were made happy on Saturday by the starting of the electric trams from the London termini to Britton Station. The service has been suspended for nearly two months for the electrification of the system.

The lines from the station to Water-lane are nearly completed and will be ready for running over within the next ten days.

EIGHT DEATHS FROM STARVATION.

The Local Government Board are in communication with the boards of guardians in the East End with reference to cases of starvation which have occurred in their districts during the past year. In Whitechapel no less than six deaths were ascribed to this cause by coroners' juries, and in Mile End there were two more deaths from starvation and privation. The Local Government Board are asking for particulars as to whether the starved persons made application for relief, as the poor law is supposed to provide against any such contingency.

POPE FORBIDS CREMATION.

The following is from a recent Papal Decree on cremation:—"First, every Roman Catholic Christian is strictly forbidden to become a member of a cremation society, or to have his own or anybody else's body cremated."

"Secondly, Roman Catholic priests must refuse to take any part in a cremation ceremony, and must not administer extreme unction to the dead, either in a crematorium cemetery chapel or in the house of the dead."

"Thirdly, any Roman Catholic who obstinately defies the above command of our Mother the Holy Church, must be refused participation in the Holy Sacraments."

FAMOUS CASTLE FOR SALE.

On a bold headland on the Northumberland coast stand the ruins of Dunstanburgh Castle, famous in history and legend. It was first a British stronghold, then a Roman fortress, and at a much later period was garrisoned for Queen Margaret, after the battle of Hesham, when it was besieged and taken after an assault lasting three days, and battered into the condition in which it now remains.

This castle is about to be sold by auction, being the third of its kind about to come under the auctioneer's hammer. It has already been announced that Kingswear Castle (Devon) and Hanswell Castle (Oxon) are shortly to be sold.

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The "Daily Mirror" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom for 1d. per day for the convenience of Holiday-makers.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MAY 23, 1904.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

Tragedies are often made up of odd materials. When readers of the *Daily Mirror* and other papers read last week about the law-case over a painfully silly and illiterate music-hall song, and the roars of laughter in court by which the evidence was accompanied, and the Judge's gallant endeavours to add to the humour of the occasion, and the two pretty girls who each wanted to sing the song in question, the whole thing seemed to be a huge joke. Yet it very nearly had a tragic sequel, as our columns this morning show.

If a policeman had not happened to be near when Miss Gracie Grahame tried to drown herself in the Thames, this holiday season would have been saddened for all who have enough sympathy and imagination to enter into the feelings of an unhappy fellow-creature. "Pooh! Only a music-hall singer!" says some Superior Person. "How can you expect ME to have any feelings in common with a person like that?" But, thank Heaven! the world is not made up of Superior Persons. The majority of us still have hearts sufficiently "at leisure from themselves" to feel sorry for this winsome, slender, fair-haired girl, even though she be "only a music-hall singer."

What a little serves to alter the point of view of men and women of highly-strung temperament—especially women! How small a misfortune may make life a burden instead of a boon! Perhaps you think your mind is far too well-balanced even to admit a thought of giving up the battle. Well, if it is, be thankful, but not proud. Perhaps after all it only means that you are a thick-skinned creature, with a nature more like that of a rhinoceros than a human being. Instead of turning up your tiresome nose, just think of this delicate girl, with nerves all unstrung, wading into the horrible Thames mud, and say to yourself, "There, but for the grace of God, went I."

Fortunately, all's well that ends well. Miss Grahame has had her lesson. "I shall never forget the night on that little bed in the lonely ward of the infirmary, wondering what would be done to me in the morning." And if Superior Persons will only take to heart the moral which we have extracted for their benefit then the incident which so nearly cast a gloom over Whitsuntide will prove to have had a useful, as well as a melancholy, side.

What a pity the foreigners who pervaded London yesterday, and especially the dainty shop-girls from the Magasins du Louvre, in Paris, did not see our capital in sunshine instead of under such a gloomy sky. Unless that perverse Destiny which rules the weather can send us a better Bank Holiday they will all go back and declare that what they had been told about England is quite true—that the sun is never seen here, and that our morose manners are fully accounted for by the grim aspect which Nature wears for us.

THE CAUTIOUS HOLIDAY MAKER.



John Bull on a holiday has to be prepared for anything, for, if his holiday is to last for more than twelve hours, he is sure to need both summer and winter clothes and amusements. By starting in an ulster and taking his flannels in his trunk he manages to enjoy himself in spite of everything.

The World's Humour.

Might Have Been Expressed Differently.

"Nurse, if you can't keep the children quiet in the nursery, I must have them with me in the drawing-room."
"Yes, ma'am, I've threatened them with that already."—*Kladderadatch*, Berlin.

What She Lacks.

My wife can shoot a flying bird,
Can criticise a book,
Can sing a song and row a boat,
But oh! she cannot cook.
—*What To Eat*, Chicago.

One of the Family!

Mrs. Jaworker: So you are going to leave me, Bridget; haven't I treated you like one of the family?
Bridget: Indade, ye have, mum, an' Olve shoud it as long as Oi'm goin' to!—*Smart Set*, London.

Connection of Ideas.

The parish clerk in a Hampshire village is also a saddler.
These two notices appear on one card in his window.
—*Office for banns of marriage*.
"All sorts of muzzles in stock."
—*Sporting Times*, London.

A Rapid (Fire) Calculator.

Teacher: Now, Johnny, if a missionary can convert five heathen in one year how long will it take to convert a thousand?
Johnny: Two years, ma'am.
Teacher: Oh, no, Johnny.
Johnny: Oh, yes, ma'am. The second year his Government would send a gunboat an' some sojers.—*Judge*, New York.

Hereditry.

Reading some recent articles on hereditry I am reminded of a conversation which the late Mr. John Ryder, the actor, and the late Sir Augustus Harris once had in a theatrical club. Harris was just going to take Drury Lane, and Ryder thought it was a hazardous experiment. "Besides," said the old actor, "what do you know about theatrical management?" "I ought to know something," replied Harris, "my father was a theatrical manager all his life." "Ah!" exclaimed Ryder, "and my father was a river pilot all his life; but God help everybody on the ship that I tried to bring up the Thames.—*Dagonet in the Referee*."

This Morning's Gossip.

Lord Aerebury ought always to be happy on Bank Holidays, for thousands of pleasure-seekers think gratefully of the man who invented them. He is generally a cheerful soul, though he has his griefs like the rest of us. One day, at a party in his own house, Sir John Lubbock, as he then was, was noticeably depressed, and when he was asked about it he answered: "An an' which has been a member of my family for thirteen years has just died."

The Princess of Wales, whose health is excellent, despite rumours to the contrary, will be reminded by the false cry of an incident in which she once played a part when driving back from Kew. It was a foggy night, and as her carriage turned Gipsy Corner, there was a cry of "Murder!" Instantly the Princess went to see what was toward. They found a man cowering under the hedge. What, they asked, "Nothing here." "Nothing here?" he answered, "but I was run over at this corner last night in a fog, and I ain't goin' to be run over agen, nor for nobody."

General Manning's illness, of which we are all so sorry to hear, follows a wearisome campaign against the Mullah. He has been in ten similar expeditions, and carries many a scar to tell of close fighting with savages. His breakdown is curious, seeing the tremendous trials he has previously borne, not only in Somaliland, but in the miasmatic swamps of the West African coast-line and the deadly jungles of the hinterlands.

Lord Amthill, who is acting as Viceroy during Lord Curzon's absence from India, is only thirty-five, and very young for the post. But he is a man of records. He is the only peer who has had a seat in the House of Lords while rowing for his 'Varsity;—and is one of the few men who have been president of the Oxford University Boat Club and of the Union at the same time. He was a protégé of Queen Victoria, who made herself personally responsible for his education.

Cardinal Merry del Val, the one and only Secretary of State to the Pope, is reported to have resigned his office. He is interesting to Londoners, of whom he is one himself, seeing that he was born in Gloucester-place, Portman-square, thirty-nine years ago, during the time that his father was secretary of the Spanish Embassy here. That is not his only link with the British, for, as the name Merry denotes, he is of Irish descent.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

CRICKET YARNS.

WARNER'S STORIES OF THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN TOUR.

[From "How We Recovered the Ashes."]

The Bishop's Bon Mot.

[From the introduction by Bishop Welldon, who went out in the same ship as the team.]
I stood by them in health, and with one or two of them (if the truth must be told) in sickness. I unpinned for them in the great cricket match against the ladies of the ship, when the ladies, I regret to say, did not always obey my decisions with the unhesitating loyalty characteristic of true sportswomen. I was bowled out on one occasion by so good a ball that I said to Rhodes, who bowled it, that it seemed a pity to waste such a ball on a bishop.

A Good Precedent.

Before proceeding to cricket, I may perhaps be allowed to record that throughout the tour the amateurs and professionals stayed at the same hotel. This was quite a departure from precedent, and I am glad to say that it was a tremendous success. It keeps the team much better together, and promotes a much keener mutual understanding and a feeling that you are all one side, working together to a common end.

The First Test Match.

On Friday morning, December 11, I moved in force against the Australian eleven at Sydney, who were drawn up under the leadership of M. A. Noble. In marshalling my men for the encounter I was, I suppose, undergoing an experience which no other man has known before me. I do not altogether envy the man who has to follow me through the same sensations. . . . The first duty of a captain is to win the toss. I failed in that duty, and it was commonly remarked that winning the toss meant winning the match. But it was in no spirit of dejection that we took the field.

What Barracking Means?

The trouble arose, through the umpires thinking that the rain had not sufficiently stopped to allow of the game proceeding. I never saw either Crockett or Argall during the wait, which lasted an hour and twenty minutes; yet many of the crowd thought that it was my fault that play was not in progress. Then, when play did start, they yelled and shouted at every ball—and there were 35,000 people looking on. They chanted "Crock," "Crock," "Crock," advised the umpires to get ready their coffins, and inquired "How much did you pay them, Warner?" Then they tried to bowl Rhodes by shouting "One, two, three!" in time with the Yorkshireman's stride up to the wickets, though this shrewdly disconcerted the batsman more than the bowler. Yes; they are a lovely crowd at Sydney, and anyone who has taken part in a Test match there may consider himself thoroughly salted and fit to play before an audience from the infernal regions.

Cricket in the Future.

This is what might have happened that afternoon. I can imagine an official rushing to the telephone and ringing up the War Minister. Across the wire comes:

"Send troops."

"What for?"

"International match now on."

This is what might have been. This is what it will certainly come to:
"A cable has been received stating that the English cricket team has left London for Australia accompanied by complete Army Corps."
"General French is in command," and the opinion is freely expressed that this time, at any rate, the cricketers will be adequately protected."

Hirst's Revenge.

George went into the bar for some light refreshment; he was just on the point of drinking, when he heard a voice near him saying, "That Hirst's a rotten player!" His drink unstirred, he retired to a corner, foregoing his original intention of sending the speaker through the roof, and plotted revenge. He never had a happy moment till the second innings came, and with it his justification. He was allowed to go in first, and proceeded to make 50 of the very best. The first smile for twenty-four hours then lit up his face, and he got out and went off to have the postponed and well-earned drink.

Warner's Final Word.

And so, my good companions on so many battle-fields, I wish you a hearty and a grateful good-bye. When next we meet we shall, many of us, be on opposite sides, we shall be fighting against each other instead of against a common enemy; the fortune of war will have changed. But one thing will never change; I shall never forget the unswerving pluck with which you fought every inch of the way; I shall never forget the pride of being your leader.

HOW THE TIBETANS TRAVEL.



A group of typical Tibetans resting by the roadside on a journey. Notice the high wooden pack-saddles, in which they carry their worldly possessions on their backs. The opposition to the advance of the British mission is being fermented by the Lamas, the Tibetan Buddhist priests. An article on Lhasa, the objective of the British force, and the holy city of Tibet appears on page 10.

LONDON POLICE ATTEND NIGHT SCHOOL.



London police are keen attendants at the night classes at Bowling Green-lane where they study for the examinations entitling them to promotion. Nine sergeants have become inspectors, twenty-nine constables have become sergeants, and 150 first-aid certificates have been granted through these educational classes.

THE CHILDREN'S BRIGHTON—THE ARTIFICIAL AND THE REAL.



The artificial "seaside" which has been created in Bishop's Park, Putney, by putting down quantities of sand at the edge of the lake, is known to the children and their parents as "Brighton."—(Photograph by Callcott.)



The real Brighton beach, where the children amuse themselves to their hearts' content with spade and bucket, is not much ahead of the imitation article at Putney.—(Photograph by Callcott.)

THE KING



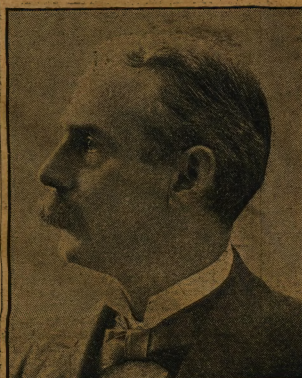
The King arriving at Putney. Majesty appears.

TRIED TO COMMIT SUICIDE.



Miss Gracie Graham, the music-hall artiste, overcome by the adverse verdict in her recent case, attempted suicide.—(Photograph by E. G. Brewis.)

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR UNION.



Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavour movement, presided over the annual convention of the union at the Albert Hall on Saturday.

THE FRENCH TEAM TO COMPETE

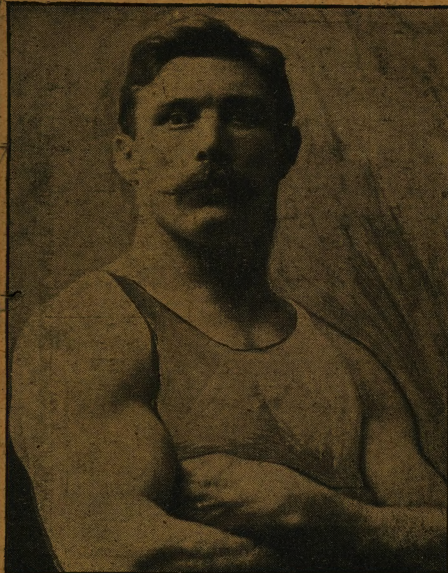


THEY AND HIS RICHARD-BRASIER CAR.

The team which is to represent France for the Gordon-Bennett Cup has been decided. Salleron and Rougier were the chosen drivers.

SALLERON

TO WRESTLE HACKENSCHMIDT.



Tom Jenkins, the American wrestler, on Saturday arranged a match against Hackenschmidt for £2,000 at the Albert Hall on July 2.—(Photograph by Kerne Bros.)

RUSSIAN MINES LAID FROM CHINESE JUNKS.



Chinese junks, the type of native craft by means of which the Russians have been laying mines in the neighbourhood of Port Arthur. The loss of the Japanese battleship Hatause is said by the Russians to be due to mines laid by this means. The junks in this photograph were employed by the Japanese in bringing stores to the mouth of the Yalu River during the Japanese advance.

REACHES HOME—SATURDAY AT WINDSOR.

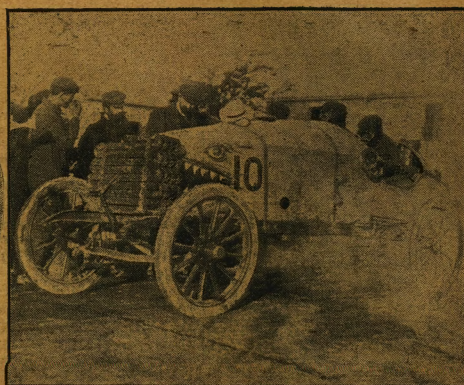


Windsor Castle on Saturday for his Whitsuntide holiday. His delighted at the prospect of a few days' rest and quiet.

FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP.



MORS CAR.



ROUGIER ON A TURCAT-MERY CAR.

was easily first, and drove a car of a new pattern. He covered the 329 miles in and third, and so will make up the French team.

GENERAL MANNING ILL.



General Manning is dangerously ill, and has left Somaliland and embarked for England.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

THE NAMELESS PICTURE.



A guinea prize for naming the nameless picture. If you cannot, your friends can. Ask them. See page 11.—(Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.)

ON THE ROAD TO LHASA.

Will the Mystery of the Forbidden City at Last Be Laid Bare?

What is going to happen to Colonel Younghusband's expeditionary force in Tibet? Will the gallant colonel be reinforced in time, or will he and his communications be cut off from the possibility of aid? If he is able to get to Lhasa, the sacred city of unfathomable mystery, will he be able to hold his own against the crafty Lamas?

All the questions are of vital interest to this country to-day, as there is, after all, a distinct possibility that Colonel Younghusband has been led into a trap.

His mission, which was essentially a peaceful one, has been treacherously attacked, and, owing to the peculiar sacredness of Lhasa—which is now the objective point of the mission—he can have but scanty information as to the nature of the opposition he is likely to encounter.

He can know nothing about the armaments of the Tibetan army proper. From time to time rumours have come through that certain Europeans are domiciled in the city, and that they have trained the Tibetans in the use of modern arms—and, indeed, supplied them with them.

But at present all is conjecture, and we can only watch the events of the next few weeks with the liveliest anxiety. About Lhasa itself very little information is to be had.

All that is known is that it is a vast city, shrouded in impenetrable mystery. Hundreds of fanatics perish annually in their attempt to visit the city to do pilgrimage to the Dalai Lama—the Buddhist equivalent of the Christian Pope.

Unexplored City.

The Dalai is practically a captive in the hands of his priests, or Lamas; he is regarded as a divinity, but he nevertheless frequently meets his death by poison. And then some child is chosen as his successor—a mere tool of the Lamas. Lhasa is one of the few spots in Asia that has been unexplored. The Tibetans, a race of filthy barbarians, are a blot upon modern civilisation, swabbers, but cowards.

They are only dangerous by mere force of numbers.

Captain H. H. Deasy, who explored Tibet for three years, but never succeeded in getting near Lhasa, says that the Tibetans, though poor, are very heavily taxed, and the Pumas, or tax-gatherers, appropriate to their own use no small part of the amount contributed by the population. To what persons they hand the balance is doubtful, but it seems probable that the contributions

of a high hill, where they are cut up and left to become the food of ravens.

With these people, fanatical, cruel, and treacherous, we are now definitely at war, and, of course, it is inevitable that sooner or later we shall enter Lhasa and solve one of the world's great mysteries.

The first information about Lhasa came from a Jesuit priest, one Grueber, who visited the place in 1661. Later information came from the Pandit Nain Singh, an explorer in the Indian Survey Department. He visited Lhasa in 1875, and describes the city as being eighteen miles from east to west, and seven miles from north to south. It is surrounded by absolutely barren hills, sparsely sprinkled with bushes, which are known as Tartar furze. The city itself is surrounded by well-cultivated gardens. The population is vaguely estimated at anything between 40,000 and 50,000—mainly monks. There are

DO YOU SKIP?

Smart People Take Exercise with Oostly Silken Ropes.

Exercise of any and every description has long been fashionable.

Skipping lurches, teas, and dinners are to be the order of the day this season. At a skipping lunch the guests arrive an hour before the meal and contests take place then, as well as after. At a skipping tea the exercise comes in after tea; and the same pastime prevails at dinner.

Everyone has his or her skipping-rope. Some of these are lovely and most elaborate. Coloured silken cords form the rope, while the handles are of much originality, both in design and workmanship.

Doctors are recommending the exercise for half an hour before meals, but care should be taken not to overdo it at first, and certainly not to skip after a big meal.

SOCIETY AT PLAY.

"The Cow Will Jump Over the Moon" at a Bazaar.

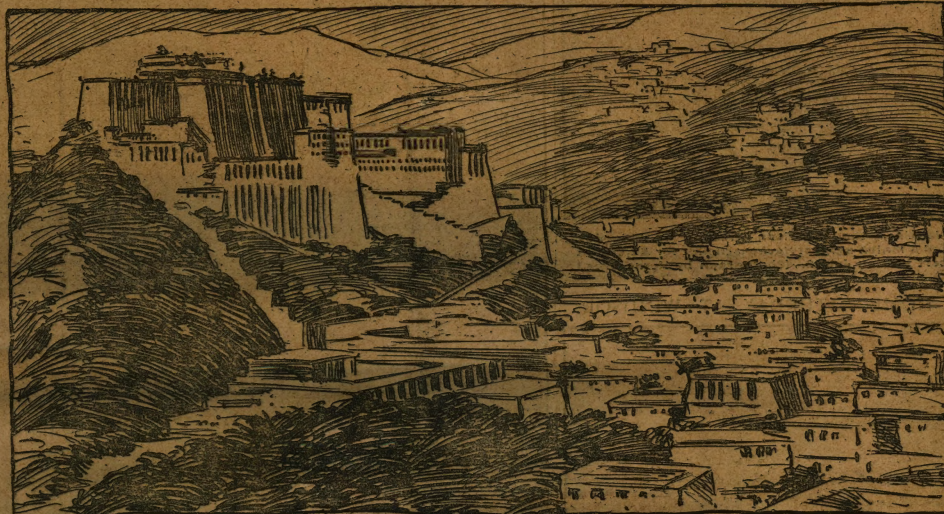
This season the great idea for social functions of all sorts is novelty. Everything that is being organised has this end in view.

On June 21 and the two following days takes place a fête in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, the like of which has never been evolved before.

Wild animals are to be sold at one stall, wild birds at another, also piping bullfinches and canaries; and there is to be a stall for the sale of Shetland ponies, one for cats, and another for dogs.

There is to be a putting green, over which Mr. Arthur Balfour will preside. Nursery rhymes will be enacted by stall-holders at their stalls, and a final home-bouche will be jumping over the moon by the traditional cow.

THE HOLY CITY OF TIBET.



Lhasa, the holy city of Tibet, to which Colonel Younghusband and his gallant mission are to advance.



A Lama, one of the Tibetan priesthood, who virtually rule the country. It is against the Lamas that the mission has to contend.

pass through the hands of several grades of officials until a certain amount reaches the Lamas at Lhasa. The most common form of punishment is by fine, but imprisonment is also awarded.

This penalty, however, is only awarded in Lhasa, and the criminals imprisoned are mostly thieves. The death-sentence is passed only in Lhasa, and only on murderers and spies; it is carried out by tying the culprit in a yak skin and throwing him into a river.

The manner, in which the Tibetans dispose of their dead is somewhat akin to that in use among the Parsees. The bodies are carried to the top

no fewer than thirty huge monasteries, but whether the priests are fighting men or not remains to be seen. But one thing is certain. Colonel Younghusband has an arduous task before him—the magnitude of which should have been more fully recognised by the Government before the expedition was dispatched in the first instance.

FOUR MILLION FOLLOWERS.

Strange Adventures of a Great Religious Leader.

Dr. F. E. Clark, the president and founder of the World's Christian Endeavour Union, which now has 65,000 societies and four million members, arrived in London on Saturday from South Africa in time to preside at the "welcome and praise meeting" at the Albert Hall in connection with the annual convention.

Interviewed by a representative of the *Mirror*, Dr. Clark stated that he left Boston for his last journey just after Christmas, and during the last five months had addressed an aggregate of about 200,000 at 150 meetings in New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa.

"Everywhere," he said, "I have found the movement growing rapidly. Christian Endeavourers are now to be found in every part of the world. We have 65,000 societies and 4,000,000 members in all.

Chinese Endeavourer's Fortitude.

"I well remember," said Dr. Clark, "one very tragic incident in Pekin. The Boxers pounced on a number of native Christian Endeavourers, and announced their intention to execute some of them. One of the poor doomed men prayed permission to enter his house for a few minutes. The request was granted, and when the Chinaman reappeared he was arrayed in all his best silk clothes.

"The Boxers were puzzled. Why, they asked him, had he thus dressed himself up? The Chinaman replied that he was about to pass into the presence of his Creator and wanted to look at his best. The Boxers were greatly struck with the man's bravery and composure, and after the executions they made inquiries, with the result that some of them afterwards became Christian Endeavourers. During the uprising twenty-three Chinese Endeavourers out of forty-five in Pekin were murdered by the Boxers."

A portrait of Dr. Clark appears on page 8.

OUR SERIAL.

Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

CHAPTER XL. (continued.)

Swiftly Janet darted one bare white arm over the flames and snatched back the wedding-ring with a little sobbing cry; she thrust it upon her finger again, scarcely conscious of the pain, though the hot band of gold almost seared her flesh. She looked across at him, and in that moment of swift revulsion of feeling her eyes were almost a challenge as they met John Gray's.

"Jack, I can't do it, I can't do it!" she panted. "I've remembered so many things—I've remembered Elsie! Oh! I think I was mad to consent."

"Janet," he cried, "but you can't draw back now!"

"I do—I must! When I flung the ring into the fire just now it came to me that it was like flinging away my honour and Elsie's! Jack, I can't come to you so!"

"But you don't realise how, after to-night, nothing can ever be the same between us! I've held you in my arms, Janet—you are mine; you gave yourself to me!" his voice rose passionately, appealingly; yet even as he spoke he realised desperately that it was a losing battle he fought.

"Why do you speak of Elsie? She's too young for this to injure her. Our marriage would silence the scandal; long before Elsie reached womanhood the story would be forgotten—dead and forgotten!"

He made a step towards her, but Janet put out her hand swiftly, as though she would keep him back.

"No, the past is always stretching out hands as though the future! It would injure Elsie, if you and I did this: to be the daughter of a divorced woman! It would injure her; I can't add the shadow of that stigma to my child's life—not for all the happiness in the world!" she cried. "And it's not that only; it's something more. Elsie would grow up to despise her mother; when she became a woman she would be my judge if I did this thing—even if she did not utter one word of reproach. I should read it in her eyes that she

despised her mother! No, Jack, don't be hurt or angry, but it can't be—it can't! Fate interferes. Everything is against it; the consideration of Elsie's future, the consideration of your career, my reputation—we fling all away if we do this thing."

She paused, and looked at him wistfully; his face was hard; he did not speak.

"Jack, don't be hurt and angry," she pleaded. "We should only miss the happiness we spoke of so confidently—oh, I am sure we should miss that. Not for a year or so, perhaps, or it might be longer, yet some day, sooner or later, some day inevitably the shadow of these disregarded obligations, the ghosts of these sacrifices of honour would rise between us to taint our happiness!"

"Oh, this is morbid!" he cried, with an impatient gesture.

"No, only the truth! I was mad for a moment, and I was tempted, and I wistfully hindered myself, because—because I so wanted to come to you. But I'm sane now, and I'm strong to fight the temptation. Love is not for me—not that love," she said with sad, wistful eyes.

He looked into the quenched ashes of her eyes, where the passion of a moment ago had burnt out; he saw the fight was lost; he could not break her resolution. A sense of irreparable loss filled him. He did not speak. What was there to say?

She laid a hand on his arm.

"Jack"—the voice and the sad eyes were very pleading—"we shall still have our friendship, and the paths of friends lie together."

"But a hedge grows between!" he cried, almost roughly. "Janet, have you made up your mind irrevocably? We stand at the parting of the ways; our friendship can't go on now as it once did—you must see that! I have held you in my arms, I have kissed your lips and your hair; the old ways of friendship are impossible."

"Why should they be?" she cried. "But in her heart she knew that he was right. "It is irrevocable, my decision—Jack, you must see that I am right. Don't go away with bitter thoughts of me; I couldn't bear that, Jack! We are still friends; say we are still loyal friends; we'll forget to-night, blot it out of our lives as though it had never been. We'll only remember the sweetness of our friendship."

He stood with his eyes bent on the appealing beauty of her face. To-night she had told him that she loved him; to-night his arms had been round her, his lips on her face and hair. How could he let her go thus? He wanted to make a last appeal; he wanted to plead the cause of his own happiness—the bright future into which a moment or two ago they had both been looking; there was so

Continued on page 11.

AMSTERDAM-ON-THAMES.

New Seaside Resort Thirty Miles from London.

London is to have a brand new seaside resort of its own this year. And such a one.

Thirty miles from the metropolis is Benfleet, and opposite it is Canvey Island. The majority of people have never even heard of the place. All this is now being altered. Two weeks ago Canvey's first newspaper was published, a railway is being constructed at a cost of £48,000, and will be opened next July, and a viaduct from Canvey to the mainland at Benfleet is also being built.

Two years ago Mr. Frederick Hester started out with his scheme for the development of Canvey Island, with the result that next month visitors—and there should be thousands—will be able to enjoy the music on the new pier, take a stroll through the winter gardens, also new, or navigate a gondola on the canal.

Apart from these necessary adjuncts to a would-be health resort, Canvey Island contains charms and features all its own and obtainable nowhere else in Britain.

Below Sea Level.

Canvey Island is entirely surrounded by a sea-wall, built by Joas Crappenburgh, a celebrated Dutch dyke-maker, in 1621. The land is always below the level of the sea, and the roads in Canvey are always above the level of the land.

Visitors to this quaint resort will have no difficulty in imagining themselves in Holland. In fact, one might describe Canvey as a Dutch appendage of the British Crown.

Dykes and ditches abound throughout the place, and trees do not. Nearly all the people show traces of Dutch descent. They have the wavy, fair faces and squarely-built figures, and one comes across such names as De Wilde and Van de Welde. Unmistakably Dutch is the architecture of many of the houses, and the one church is entirely destitute of ornament, and made of wood.

They have two inns in Canvey. The premier is the Lobster Smelter. It lies under the walls of Holcheaven, and the barges and bawley-boats and Dutch eel-boats anchor outside. If one walks into the bar-parlour in the evening one will find oneself in Holland at once, the general conversation being conducted in Dutch.

MADMAN HIS OWN SEXTON.

VIENNA, Sunday.

A labourer of Leifers, near Boyen, in an attack of madness yesterday dug a grave for himself in the military cemetery and got inside it, replacing the earth as best he could. When two men who were passing by discovered him he was covered with earth up to the shoulders, and gave no sign of life.

STAGE-STRUCK.

Continued. From Page 10.

much he wanted to urge; but the words died on his lips—died unspoken; and then it was so proved that there had been more than selfishness, far more, in the proposal he had put before her.

"Janet, I believe you are right—though I wish I didn't believe it!—and I won't tempt you against what you believe to be your duty," he said. His voice was not quite steady. "Good-bye."

She tried to smile as she took his hand; but there was the hint almost of tragedy in her face behind the smile, as he turned and walked slowly to the door. As he had said, after to-night nothing could ever be the same again between them.

For a breathing space Janet stood, like a figure cut in marble, listening to the dying sound of his footsteps. She heard the hall door close; she gave a little shiver and turned and stared into the heart of the burning logs.

There rose up before her eyes the picture of little Elsie, sleeping peacefully in the next room—the child for whose sake she had made this renunciation of her heart's desire, for whose sake she had sent away the man she loved.

"I have only you to live for, my darling," she whispered into the fire.

CHAPTER
XLI. The Bitter Waters.

The curtain had fallen on the last performance of "Hester," and Janet Desborough drove home to Chelsea with the prospect of a month's freedom from work before her. The play had run for more than a year in London; even now Janet's connection with the piece in which she had made her reputation was far from ended. Mr. Brougham had arranged to send a company on a long tour with it through the States, in which Janet was to play her original part.

The summer had come round again; August was treading on the heels of July. Nearly a year had passed since the day when John Gray had brought back her missing child. During all those months Elsie had been with her in Chelsea.

At first Janet had feared that the change from the country air to a Chelsea flat would not be good for the child; but London had suited Elsie sur-

ROSHERVILLE REOPENS.

Famous Thames-side Gardens' Untold Summer Attractions.

That picturesque summer resort, Rosherville Gardens, was opened for the season on Saturday afternoon, and in spite of the threatening weather a large number of visitors inspected the improvements made since the close last season.

The new attractions include "Ye Olde English Fair," a café chantant, with sheltered seats at the side for bad weather, an open-air dancing platform, and a model of the "Bastille."

This has been built in the old cave where in former days the scaly crocodile lurked and shed tears for buns.

Bears, wolf, hyenas, and Malagascars cats are included in the zoological section of the gardens.

Dromedaries and donkeys were there for the amusement of the children, and for their edification open-air entertainments and dancing to the accompaniment of a military band have been provided.

The buildings, including the "Baronial Hall," have all been re-decorated, and an Italian café has been erected over the archway leading to the Rosary, which is one of the most delightful nooks in the gardens.

Those "Pioneers of Progress," the S.E. and C. Railway, have promised to run cheap trains at moderate prices during the summer, and there will be a good steamboat service from London to Tilbury.

Rosherville Gardens, "the place to spend a happy day," was in former years the most popular resort within twenty-five miles of London.

DOG'S VAIN FIDELITY.

BERLIN, Friday.

Owing to the persistent barking of a little dog, and the fact that the animal kept jumping in the water, at the landing-stage of the penny steamboats in Hamburg, it was thought that someone might have fallen in the water.

It being dark at the time, nothing could be discovered, so the police locked up the animal until the morning, when the body of a well-dressed woman was found in the water.

On the dog being shown the body its distress was touching.

CRITICISMS LEADS TO DIVORCE.

In seeking for divorce from her husband, Olga Wohlbink, a well-known German authoress, gave as a reason for the "insupportable aversion" which was her ground for desiring divorce, that her husband had criticised her dramatic and literary productions in an unjustifiably disparaging manner.

The divorce was granted.

prisingly well. For a little time she had fretted for her friends at the farm, and the horses and cows; but she soon adapted herself to her new surroundings. Now that the run of the piece was over Janet was able to give Elsie a change of air; three weeks by the sea would do her good; three weeks on the sands, paddling and building castles. Elsie must have three happy weeks, Janet told herself, before what was to follow. They were going to spend those weeks at Dieppe.

Elsie was excited at the prospect of the journey by train, to be followed by the Channel crossing, and chattered eagerly about it to her mother as they drove to Victoria. John Gray met them there, to see the last of them, as he said, laden with chocolates for Elsie.

"It's nice going away, mummy, and when we come back to London and Uncle Jack that will be vewey nice, too," the child said. But Janet did not answer.

Three weeks of building castles on the sands: Elsie's round face and chubby little legs grew brown in the sun and salt water; it was a time of blithful happiness for her. Everything was new and delightful, the sand, the sea, which she had never seen until her first glimpse of it at Newhaven—and "mummy" was with her all day long; so often in London her mother had to run away and leave her in the middle of a game. "Mummy has to go to work," was the reason always given, but here "mummy" had nothing to do but play with her all day long, until the little legs grew tired and the little eyes closed. And then it was that the hardest part of the day began for Janet, when she was alone with her thoughts of the parting that was to come, the parting she had not dared to hint to little four-year-old Elsie, though the child would sometimes ask when they were going back to London to see Uncle Jack.

The day came for them to leave Dieppe; the three happy weeks were over.

"We're going home, mummy?"

"Not yet, dearie." A shadow came into Janet's eyes, as though the childish question had brought a stab of pain.

They went to Paris, where they spent a night in the great roaring city; then another long journey down to the South-Eastern provinces, that tired Elsie so much that she was asleep long before they reached the end of it. They left the train at a little sleepy town where a diligence, that seemed to have outlived its springs, and rumbled prodigiously over the cobbled roadway where blades of grass sprouted between the stones, took them slowly forward towards their destination, until

MONO-RAIL FOR AMERICA.

Inventor Talks of a Speed of Two Miles a Minute.

Mr. F. B. Behr, the inventor of the mono-rail, left for America on Saturday in the Lucania to superintend and demonstrate the working of his railway on the working model exhibited at St. Louis by the British Commission.

A *Mirror* representative asked him if he did not mean to try and get his mono-rail adopted in America.

"You seem to know all about it," replied the inventor gaily. "Perhaps you could tell me of a suitable line to aim at."

"Why, yes," said the *Mirror* man, "if you can build a railway between New York and Philadelphia, to cover the ninety miles within the hour."

"Within the hour," cried Mr. Behr, "I could do it easily within forty-five minutes."

"Well, then the Americans would be very much obliged to you, for at present the journey takes them nearer two hours than one."

"Ah! well," answered Mr. Behr in an oracular fashion, "we shall see all sorts of things if we live long enough."

It would be a pity, though, if the mono-rail idea should be put into operation in America before Mr. Behr's Manchester and Liverpool Railway is finished. Upon the subject of that line he would say nothing, but perhaps his parting remark supplies some index to his feelings.

Yes, Parliament has voted me permission to build it, but I forgot to vote me any money to build it with."

WHO IS IT?

Miss Dora Barton, who on May 11 was the subject of our nameless picture, was pictured again in a new photograph in Friday's *Mirror*. Strange to say, there were not so many correct replies to our question "Who is it?" as on the first occasion.

The guinea prize was won by Miss Fowler, Lanterne, and Miss Grove, New Malden, whose letter stated that the picture represented Miss Dora Barton, the charming actress at present playing at the Duke of York's Theatre, was the first correct reply opened.

On page 9 to-day will be found another nameless picture. The reply which is first opened that correctly states the identity of the lady it represents will entitle the writer to the guinea prize.

Replies, by letter or postcard, should be addressed to the Picture Puzzle Department, 2, Cornhill-street, E.C., and must reach this office not later than noon to-morrow. The award will be announced on Wednesday.

The name of the winner of Saturday's guinea will be printed to-morrow.

Janet's sad eyes saw the sun's afterglow reddening on the white walls of the Convent of Our Lady of Sorrows, and she knew that their journey was ended.

A sister, in the sombre habit of the Order, inquired their business through a small sliding trap in the door, then drew back the heavy bolts and admitted them.

"Mummy, I've frightened," the child whispered, clinging to her mother's dress. "I want to go away."

"Hush, darling." Janet picked up the child in her arms and held her in a close, soothing embrace. It was with difficulty she could restrain her tears. How could she bear to leave her child here in this gloomy, silent place, with these sad-faced sisters? Yet she must.

"The Mother Superior expects you," the sister said; she led the way along an uncarpeted passage into a room plainly furnished. "She will be here presently," she said; the door closed noiselessly after her.

Elsie nestled in her mother's arms as if the silence and strangeness of the place aved her, and Elsie's embrace tightened round the mute; the oppressive feeling was upon her too; it was terrible to think of leaving Elsie here with strangers. If only they had heard the sound of happy children's voices; but it was all so silent. Of course, the other schoolgirls would be in bed at this time; she realised that, but she could not shake off the feeling that oppressed her. It was terrible to leave Elsie here with strangers; how great a gap it would make in her own life she knew. For nearly a year the child had been her daily companion; Elsie had lived her life, had been the compensation for so much, and now the time had come when she must part from her.

Yes, she must part from Elsie. Her own profession necessitated it. She was going for a long tour in America; she would be away from England for two years; she must leave Elsie good hands, and she knew that the child would be well cared for by the sisters. And at a convent school Elsie would be hidden away safely from the father who might again seek to strike at the mother through her child. But the wrench of parting, of leaving her child with strangers, was terrible.

The door opened; the Mother Superior entered, a sweet-faced woman with a low, sweet voice that fell reassuringly on Janet's troubled thoughts.

"You will need some refreshment after your long journey," she said, after the first greetings had been spoken. "A sister is bringing it at once. But doubtless you will wish first to see your room. I was glad when you told me in your letter that you would stay a few days here until the little one feels that we are not quite strangers. We must

SORROWS OF A PRINCESS.

Knight Errant Calls on Europe to Avenge Her Wrongs.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.

Geza Mattachich, whose name has been linked with that of the unfortunate Princess Louise of Coburg, now immured at Lindenhof, has arrived in Paris.

Although his appearance is unromantic enough, Count Mattachich has taken the rôle of knight-errant on behalf of the royal lady whom he adores.

He wears a medal of gold, given him by the Princess, on which are engraved the words: "I await my deliverance," and has vowed to move the whole of Europe to right the wrongs endured by the prisoner of Lindenhof—the daughter of the King of the Belgians.

"Le Matin" has interviewed the ex-Austrian officer.

"The Princess," he said, "may by simple means regain her liberty. She has but to consent to return to her husband."

Palace or Asylum.

"She was given the choice between the Palace of Coburg and a 'private hospital.' She chose the hospital. They removed her to Doebling, and then to Lindenhof, where she now is."

The Prince of Coburg makes her an allowance of 100,000 marks a year. The Princess only touches 6,000 marks.

"This Princess, whose father is a millionaire, inhabits three wretched rooms on the first floor."

"Above her a maid-servant is lodged."

"Such is the treatment meted out to a Princess of the royal house of Belgium. It is easy to understand why she is kept prisoner."

"What are your plans?" asked the interviewer, "and what will you do if the Princess is set free?"

"The will of her Highness," replied Mattachich.

"Have you never tried to carry off the Princess?"

"There are gendarmes all round Lindenhof."

"I should only lose my liberty, and the Princess would be deprived of her only defender. I should only be right to employ such a desperate measure when all others have failed."

FIVE-YEAR-OLD MURDERER.

VIENNA, Friday.

A boy scarcely five years old, living at Krems, Austria, in a momentary passion, because a little girl playmate did not at once fall in with his wishes stabbed her in the temple with a kitchen knife. The unhappy child died in the hospital the next day.

try to make her very happy." As she spoke she gently patted the child's cheek.

Janet put Elsie to bed, and did not leave her until the tired child was sleeping peacefully. Then she went back to the Mother Superior.

Two utterly distinct worlds touched in that latter plain room: the woman with the gentle, passionless face, who for nearly a quarter of a century had been sheltered in this quiet retreat from every whirl of life, from the stress of human strife and passion that beat outside the white walls, and this other woman fresh from a vivid, restless life lived in the full glare of success and fame.

"I had one especial reason for placing my child in your care in a school away from England. I am an actress; my child must grow up not knowing what her mother's profession is," Janet cried almost vehemently; "for if she did, the stage might make its appeal to her, and that must never be."

"She will hear nothing within these walls. But when her education is completed, when she goes back to you—"

"When she is old enough to leave, I tell myself that I shall retire once and for ever from the stage and devote myself to her."

It was a bright sunny morning when Janet left the convent. She parted from Elsie, who was playing in the high-walled, wind-swept garden with the other pupils, who had received her with open arms.

"I am going away by train, darling," Janet whispered, as she clasped the child passionately in her arms, trying to keep back the tears. "You will stay here, dear, and be happy with your play-fellows."

"But I want to go with you, mummy," and the little childish lip began to quiver.

"Not now, my darling; I want you to stay here and romp and play games, and then some day mummy will come back to her little girl."

At last the child was pacified; the other children were playing hide-and-seek round the moss-covered, terraced garden, the green, undulating garden, that conveyed no significance of sadness to their minds; and the shouts and gay laughter formed a distraction from the unexpected loss of mummy.

Janet carried away the picture of that last glimpse of Elsie; standing in the flowered garden where the sunlight made a golden glory round her, waving her hand—loved, as though she were, trying to be very brave and not cry, whilst two or three of her playfellows clustered round her, coaxing her back to the game. Janet passed out of sight with a heart of lead.

To be continued to-morrow.

THE SUMMER GIRL ON MERE AND MEADOW.

BANK HOLIDAY BEAUTY.

COLD CREAM USED AS SOAP UPON THE FACE.

Should to-day be what everyone hopes it will be, a really warm and summer holiday, the girl who suffers from the too violent influences of the weather must take care of her complexion.

To Protect the Complexion.

Freckles may be her most poignant fear, for these little stains a whole day out in the heat may so intensify that there will be a difficulty in overcoming them later. Nothing is easier than to keep them at bay. A good whitening cream used at night and a dusting of good powder during the day are the weapons to be employed. It is very advisable to carry a little pot of cold cream with one upon a day's outing, particularly if awhel, either on a motor-car or a bicycle; but it is not procurable pure butter will do wonders.

Never omit to cleanse the face thoroughly, however tired you may be, at bedtime. First it should be washed with warm water by means of a soft cloth dipped in almond meal.

Why a Sponge is Not Good.

A sponge should not be used for the face, pleasant as is the touch of it, for the best judges say that it is impossible to keep a sponge entirely clean, whereas the cloth can be made antiseptic. When the face has been washed—and the cloth should go into all the corners and be applied again and again—it must be rinsed in warm water and be patted dry with a soft towel. When washing or wiping it always stroke the face upwards.

Now comes the cold cream. A little should be taken on the finger tip and rubbed into the skin with outward and upward strokes, from the middle of the face. The rubbing should not be too hard, and yet there should be enough pressure brought to produce a glow and to stimulate the circulation. Each part of the face should be treated in detail.

The forehead should be stroked from the middle towards the temples and up towards the hair. The temples should be more gently rubbed, and the corners about the eyes where the first fine wrinkles display themselves should receive special attention. All round the eyes the flesh should be massaged with extreme tenderness, and the cold cream rubbed in thoroughly. The lower part of the face, the skin about the lips, and where the smile or the droop of the mouth has left lines, must be equally well treated. Afterwards the cold cream must be wiped from the face with a soft cloth and the skin be again washed and dried. If it is very dry in tendency a very little more cold cream may be rubbed in and left on all night, but the best authorities disapprove of leaving any grease on the face during sleep.

This is not a very troublesome affair, although it may seem a burden to a tired girl when she goes to bed, especially after a day's holiday. But if she thinks the preservation of her complexion worth while, she will not grudge this small amount of time bestowed upon it—and it is; of that there is no doubt.

MAID IN THE MOTOR-CAR.

WINDOW VEILS ARE RENDERED WATERPROOF.

The motor woman's headgear is a problem that is very puzzling. For ordinary wear any small, close-fitting hat that may be fastened securely to the head and thoroughly protected by a chiffon veil will answer the purpose admirably upon short-distance drives. The chiffon veil that is newest is rendered waterproof and is rather a costly little trifle, though exquisitely pretty, and as delicate as a cobweb.

For genuine hard motor wear on country rides, touring, and so forth, a specially-designed hat or cap is really a necessity. The leather one with visor is an excellent choice, although frequently unbecoming. Leather sailor hats are serviceable, but they do not stay upon the head very satisfactorily—and motorizing is spoiled for the woman who feels her hat blowing away. On all sides the cloth stuff cap is the one that is most highly praised for its comfort and durability. Leather hoods are sold to match leather coats, and have some advantages, but are quite too warm for summer wear.

Motor veils are legion. The simplest is, of course, the long veil of chiffon covering the hat and face, crossed at the back, brought to the front and tied under the chin. Some women, who don't mind making frights of themselves for the sake of sport, wear heavy veils with glasses of mica set in them before the eyes. But the window veil is as up as goggles are, though they are not to be despised for stormy occasions as part and parcel of waterproofed veils.

Instead of any veil some women prefer a hood of the thinnest China silk the colour of the coat, gathered round the crown of the hat, drawn down and fastened snugly round the neck with a little cape which fits under the coat collar. This protects

the hair and throat completely, but leaves the face free save for the needed goggles.

Heavy kid or buckskin gloves, with wrist-straps and soft, rather long, wrists, or gauntlets, are the correct hand-gear; and leather or cloth gaiters are desirable with ankle-length skirts.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

HOW ROYALTY HAS SOLVED THE DIFFICULTY.

The Whitsuntide holiday is probably responsible as none other is for naming the day. June, too, is the ideal wedding month, and June will soon be here.

When the time comes that some young couple we know are about to enter the holy bonds of matri-

rooms, and had to be relegated to the back scullery, where it ticked away a peaceful existence on the copper. It must have cost a lot of money, and many a time did its owner count up in her mind how many pretty and useful things she could have bought for the sum that had been expended on its purchase.

The great aim in making a present to anyone should be to give something that the recipient wants. If this is impossible, and you elect to give silver, arrange with the silversmith to change it, if the bride should happen to have a duplicate given. Duplicates in table silver are unnecessary for a small house, for one cannot furnish a house with salt-cellars or spoons. Articles of furniture, such as a small table, an artistic chair, a lamp, a brass coal scuttle, a pretty carpet, or a pair of curtains,



The girl in the punt wears a gown of spotted green and white linen piped with green linen. Her green scarf is fastened across a vest of string-coloured fillet lace. On the bank is a girl whose lemon-coloured batiste dress is trimmed with embroidery executed in blue, red, and pink, and is very smartly made with a pleated skirt and a charming little bolero which opens over a black satin D'Orsay waistcoat.

mony and set up housekeeping for themselves, our thoughts turn to the subject of a wedding present, and the question arises: "What shall we give them?"

This is always rather a perplexing question, and yet people rarely give a sufficiency of attention to it. They hurry off to the silversmith's, order four silver salt-cellars, a pair of muffineers, some afternoon teapoons or other table furniture, leave instructions for them to be packed up and sent off to the bride-elect, and then dismiss the subject from their minds till the wedding day, when they see their gift displayed in company with numerous others of the very same sort. Then there are the people who, not being able to afford a silver article, send some hopelessly useless knicknack; and, again, the rich friends, who need some large and gorgeous present, which proves a white elephant in a little while.

Not Where It Was Meant To Go.

I know a young couple who received an enormous marble clock, with massive side ornaments to match. It was far too big for any of their little

are really useful wedding presents. One of the most successful of which I have lately heard was the complete battery of pots and pans a society girl gave her greatest friend.

Royalty Clubs It's Money Together.

"Imagine giving a carpet or curtains for a wedding present! How dull and uninteresting!" you may say. And I quite agree with you that it may not confer as much pleasure on the giver as the presentation of some more dainty present might do; but at the same time I am sure that any young couple would feel much more grateful for some such useful present that will really be an addition to their home, especially if they have, as is very often the case, a strictly limited amount to furnish on.

Also, I do think that the modern royal mode of clubbing together to buy gifts might be more universally followed. What the princes and princesses of our reigning house see fit to do, surely others might.

Of course the royal example is followed. I have come across many handsome gifts lately, that were subscribed for by the school-fellows of the bride, or her brothers and sisters and cousins, and have on each occasion thought how much more sensible such a plan is than that of purchasing little meaningless trifles that perish as time goes on.

TRUST HER NOT.

EYES AND SMILES THAT ARE FALSE.

A woman's eyes are very faithful indices of her character. Never trust a woman who cannot look you straight in the eye; never trust a woman whose eyes have a peculiar glint, nor a woman whose eyes glare. An eye that can be both sad and merry, the eye whose expression changes in sympathy with every spoken word, is the eye that will always beam with love-light.

Never trust a woman whose laugh is not pleasing. A harsh laugh betokens a harsh nature. A charming laugh is, however, very often the saving grace of the very homely girl. We have all seen women who were so uncomely that we pitied them, but who when they laughed showed countenances irradiated with pleasantness and good humour.

Of course, a beautiful woman is lovely to look upon, but the one who laughs like a child, who loves like a woman, and who sympathises like an angel, is the one who will win her way in the world.

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We published on Saturday the first announcement of our new system of newspaper distribution from house to house. The novel plan at once affects a saving of 23 per cent. to regular readers, and assures an unfailing delivery of the paper to persons who, under present conditions, are often unable to obtain "The Times" when they ask for it. No pains have been spared in the organisation of the new system. Arrangements have been made with some fifteen thousand newsvendors and booksellers, so that there will, no doubt, be more than 30,000 men and boys, a force as numerous as an army corps, ready on July 4th to deliver "The Times" in all parts of the United Kingdom. These facilities for delivery will be supplemented by the Post-office service with its sixty thousand carriers, for we offer precisely the same terms to readers who can more conveniently receive the paper by post. In short, there will not be a single house throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom to which "The Times" cannot then be delivered as promptly as it can borne by rail and boat and road.

A SUBSTANTIAL SAVING.

If the new plan of sale were accompanied by no saving at all it would present a great attraction to the newspaper reader. But it does offer a substantial saving. No newspaper has ever before undertaken to discriminate between the regular purchaser and the occasional purchaser; to give to the former any share of the direct pecuniary advantage which his continued purchases confer upon the paper itself. The reader who in the course of a year—52 weeks—buys 312 copies of a daily paper, as compared with the man who only buys one copy of that particular paper in the course of a year, is a wholesale buyer, and as such is equitably entitled to effect a saving—no less than a man who buys at a railway siding a truck-load of coals for a large house in the country instead of buying half a ton for a flat in London. He enables the newspaper publisher to supply each of those 312 copies at a smaller cost than if they were not regularly printed day by day. Three hundred and twelve persons who buy "The Times" to-morrow and do not buy it again for a month are, in comparison with this regular reader, most unwelcome customers. This is obvious, for in producing a newspaper, as in any other branch of industry, a steady output is the condition that makes for economy, and a steady output calls for a steady sale. To print too few copies to-day results in printing too many to-morrow, if the sale be irregular.

It is only right, then, that the attempt we are making to increase the influence of "The Times," to extend a power which we believe it has always exerted beneficially, to make the paper accessible to a greater number of readers, should take a form which favours regular readers of the paper rather than those who only purchase it from day to day.

If all our readers at once adopted the new system and other conditions remained unchanged, the loss to "The Times" would be enormous. We offer "The Times," to those who avail themselves

of the present opportunity, at a price extraordinarily low in comparison with the cost of producing a paper which presents the news of the day so completely and at such a disregard of the expense it incurs.

We propose, then, to test the operation of the new system by accepting only a limited number of subscriptions upon the terms mentioned in this advertisement, and to accept those subscriptions for only a limited period. The reader who desires to avail himself of the new offer must therefore make use, without delay, of the subscription form which appears at the foot of this advertisement. If the results of the experiment are such as to show that we can, without incurring loss, accept an unlimited number of subscriptions upon these terms, we shall, of course, be glad so to do at some future time. It seems probable that we shall effect not only a material saving by minimising the daily fluctuations in our circulation, but that we shall also, while our profits upon the sale of the paper are diminished, increase our revenue from advertisements. If "The Times" contained no advertisements at all, it could not profitably be sold at twice the price at which it is sold to-day, and advertisers will no doubt be ready to spend larger sums in consideration of the publicity which they obtain through the columns of "The Times," as that publicity increases with the increase of our circulation.

"THE TIMES" WILL REMAIN UNCHANGED.

It should, however, be clearly understood at the outset that neither the quality of "The Times" nor the amount of news it contains will be affected by this change. It is not by even the most minute assistance from the adoption of any such policy that we propose to effect the saving which we make over to the reader by enabling him to procure the paper at so much less than he now pays for it.

The new system is plainly set forth in another part of this page, and every reader can see for himself how greatly it will be to his advantage if he adopts it before the offer has been withdrawn. The subscriptions which are booked this week will take effect on July 4th, but we cannot promise to accept such subscriptions after June 24th, and we do not undertake to keep the offer open even until that date if a great number of names should be placed upon our list within the next few days. The more rapidly subscriptions come, the sooner we shall withdraw the offer; and if the reader desires to be among those who for some time to come will be obtaining "The Times" at less than their neighbours pay for it, he should at once sign the subscription form at the foot of this page.

The New System in Brief.

There is not sufficient space in this Advertisement for a detailed discussion of all the advantages which the Subscriber will gain by adopting this New System, nor is there space for a full consideration of the history of "The Times" and a discussion of its distinguishing characteristics. Those who desire to have the fullest information are requested to communicate with the Manager of "The Times," who will send them, post-free, a Pamphlet, containing a short history of "The Times." But subscriptions should be booked at once, if it is desired to obtain the discount of 23 per cent., as the offer will shortly be withdrawn.

House-to-House Delivery.

"The Times" will be delivered at any residence in the United Kingdom by newsvendors or by post, and whichever method of delivery the Subscriber under this offer selects, he will effect a saving of 23 per cent.

Changes of Address.

The Subscriber under the New System, who receives his paper through a newsvendor, may, during temporary absence from home, have his paper delivered either by post or by some other newsvendor in any part of the United Kingdom; or, if he is going abroad, receive the paper by post upon payment of the additional postage. On the other hand, if his movements are so far so uncertain that he does not know where he will want his paper delivered, he may stop it altogether for a few weeks, and "The Times" will, without charge, extend the term of his subscription for an equal number of weeks. All notifications of change of address must be sent to the office of "The Times" Printing

House-square, London, E.C., and not given to a newsvendor.

The Regular Prices Unaltered.

The price of single copies of "The Times" will still be three pence; and when this offer is withdrawn yearly Subscribers will have to pay £4 a year.

A Saving of 23 per Cent.

Any one who at once uses the Subscription Form at the foot of this page can have "The Times" for a year—52 weeks—upon payment of £3, which is 23 per cent. less than any one now pays for "The Times."

16s. a Quarter.

Any one who prefers to make quarterly payments may remit only 16s. with the Subscription Form, and make three further quarterly payments of only 16s. each.

Two-year Subscriptions.

We do not desire to incur too great a risk either by accepting a large number of subscriptions on these terms, or by accepting subscriptions for too long a period. A limited number of subscriptions will be accepted for two years—104 weeks—but if any considerable portion of those who promptly accept the offer should subscribe for two years, we shall withdraw the two-year offer even before we withdraw the one-year offer.

Foreign Subscribers.

Subscribers outside the United Kingdom may receive "The Times" by post on the

special terms upon payment of the additional postage.

As foreign Subscriptions cannot reach the Office of "The Times" before the offer will have been withdrawn, Subscription Forms mailed abroad within two days after the receipt of the paper containing this advertisement will be accepted, although they arrive after the Subscription List for the United Kingdom has been closed.

Lists soon to be Closed.

Subscribers who promptly make use of the Subscription Form printed on this page will receive "The Times" from Monday, July 4th, 1904, to Saturday, July 1st, 1905, both inclusive. Such Subscriptions, however, we cannot promise to accept after June 24th, and "The Times" does not undertake to keep the offer open even until June 24th. When as many Discount Subscriptions as it seems prudent to accept shall have been booked the offer will be withdrawn without further notice. Persons who desire to secure "The Times" on these special terms should therefore use the Order Form immediately.

Cheques to be dated July 4th.

Cheques need not bear a date earlier than July 4th.

Further Announcements to come.

Other facilities and advantages, particulars of which will be set forth in Advertisements, will be offered to those who avail themselves of this New System of Subscription, and will not be offered to persons who buy "The Times" day by day.

THIS Form will be of no use unless it is received by "The Times" on or before June 24th.

THE MANAGER, THE TIMES,
Printing House Square, London, E.C.

I enclose my Cheque made payable to "THE TIMES Special Account" and crossed

Barclay & Co., for—

Strike out one of these paragraphs.

16s. to be followed by three payments of 16s. each, on October 8th and December 31st, 1904, and on March 31st, 1905.

£23, in full for one year—52 weeks.

Please enter my name as a discount subscriber to THE TIMES for one year—52 weeks—beginning with Monday, July 4th, 1904, and finishing with Saturday, July 1st, 1905.

I desire THE TIMES to be delivered to me by post, or through (a) Mr. (Fill in name of newsvendor).

..... of (Fill in address of newsvendor).

I engage not to sell the paper, and this subscription is subject to the conditions set forth in your published offer. If for any reason you desire to do so, you may with one week's notice stop the delivery, returning to me the due proportion of payments made for the unsupplied term.

(Signature and Address).....

MI II. (Please write clearly).....

NOTE.—Discount subscribers for two years—104 weeks—should enclose £6 with this form, thus obtaining what regular subscribers pay £8 for. Quarterly payments will not be accepted for subscriptions covering more than one year—52 weeks. If the plan selected calls for two years—104 weeks—delivery of THE TIMES, it is agreed that if the Manager of THE TIMES has already received all the two-year subscriptions he wishes to accept, he is at liberty to treat this as a subscription for one year—52 weeks—returning to the subscriber one half the sum herewith enclosed.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS should enclose with this form, whether they are making one payment in full or only a payment of 16s., an additional £1 6s., for Foreign Postage.

N.B.—Are you already a daily purchaser of "The Times"?.....

(a) Insert here Name and Address of Newsvendor through whom you have hitherto received the paper, or of the Newsvendor through whom you now desire to receive it.

Cheques need not bear a date earlier than July 4.

(Fill in date).....1904.

(Fill in address of newsvendor).....

Small Advertisements

are received at the offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carnarville Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 5 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

WHIT-MONDAY.

The Bond Street Office is CLOSED TO-DAY, reopening to-morrow as usual.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Domestic.

BETWEEN-MAID wanted at once; for Blackheath; nice intelligent girl; comfortable place, £10.-Write Y. 4, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

BETWEEN-MAID wanted immediately; for lower; must have some experience, £12-£14.-Write Y. 8, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

FOOTMAN wanted; £20; country; under butler.-Employment Agency, 35, Best-lane, Canterbury.

HOUSEMAID (single-handed) wanted for beginning of June for Bayswater; wages £20 to £22.-Write H. B. Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

KITCHENMAID (good; single-handed) wanted at once; for lower; £12-£22.-Write Y. 1, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

NURSE-HOUSEMAID wanted at once for Hampstead; £16 to £18.-Write S. U. Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-st., W.

Miscellaneous.

A BOOKLET sent gratis, showing a royal road to Short-hand acquisition, saving a year's study, and leading to lucrative appointments.-Shan-Buoyan Academy, Ramsgate.

BOY wanted in the office of a newspaper; salary 10s. per week.-Apply, stating age, 1348, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., E.C.

MEN and Women wanted to work our rapid Knitting Machines at their homes, making work for us to sell to the trade; no experience, no travelling; steady work; good money earned; distance no hindrance.-Write to day, the Hardy Machine and Woolen Company, 53, Market-st., Manchester.

YOUNG MAN wanted to represent a well-known London firm; liberal terms and good prospects to suitable applicants.-Apply M. Box 1407, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., E.C.

5 PER WEEK easily earned by advertisement writers; 25 prospects free.-Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 109), 195, Oxford-st., London, W.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

BRIGHTON.-Liverpool House Boarding Establishment, Oriental-place; minute sea and West Pier.

GREAT YARMOUTH.-Garibaldi Hotel, for gentlemen; moderate terms; liberal table.-Powell, Proprietor.

MARGATE (Cliftonville).-Montrose, comfortable board; residence; minute sea; from 21s.-23, Gordon-rd.

WEYMOUTH.-Winterlow Boarding House, 21, to 42s. weekly, according to season.-Stamp.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

CYCLISTS' BRITISH INDIA 18" year's manufacturing reputation; modern 1904 details; marvellous value; sensational prices; ladies', gent's, juveniles', earlier tricycles, from 45 cash; credit, payments from 10s. trial; inspection invited; special bargains in solid, second-hand cycles from £25; repairs, overhauls, painted, etc.; riding schools open till 6 p.m.; late free.-Cyclodon, 54 and 55 Blackfriars-rd., E.C., and 149, King-st., Chelsea, S.W.

CYCLISTS' Goggles (protection from wind and dust), 1s. 3d., including case; large quality, 1s. 9d.; but, sold nickel, unbreakable frames, 2s. 9d.-Garner, Optician, 299, Holloway-rd., London.

LADY'S Singer Model de-Luxe Safety; free wheel, rim brake, equal weight; cost £15 15s., accept £5 7s. 6d.; approval.-Holloway, 458, Tottenham-rd., North Kensington, London.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BORD'S Pianos.-25 per cent. discount for cash, or 10s. 15s. 6d. per month; second-hand pianos; show room; central grants from 25s.; upright grand, 17s. 6d.; waltzes, 12s. 6d.; to 1s. per month on the 3 years' system.-47, Watney and Co., 74 and 75, Southampton-rd., London, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

FOR SALE. Phonograph, with 48 first-class records in cases; price £5 cash; a bargain; brass and aluminium horns.-Apply Dorset, 4, Windmill-rd., Wigmore-st., Essex.

PIANO. Cramer; new condition; £9.-White, 5, Lutter-stone-rd., Dares-rd., Fulham.

SIMPLEX Piano Player; used only one month; the most perfect player; only £40 cash.-Write Owner, for appointment to inspect, Mr. Chelverton, 2, Putney.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

LANS.-£10 pounds; householder, tradesman, etc.; repay by bill.-Gerridge, Bowditch, Woking.

LANS.-£25 and upwards; repayable monthly, by post.-Apply Good, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

MONEY.-If you require an advance promptly completed (at a fair rate of interest) apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st., Ipswich.

50 TO £1,000 Advanced to householders and others on approved sale of land; no auction required; trade bill discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.-Before offering, address write or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 15, Kingston-green, Ilford, London.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE. When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office, no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A COSTUME to measure, 42s.-Marsh, Tailors, 47, White-court-st., Piccadilly-circus.

A FREE daily sample Handkerchief, with illustrated list, sent stamp.-British Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

"BESTALL" 1s. 9d. bargain; 5 yards lace for coat 2 shewers, blouse.-Bestall, Hudders.

BEST IRISH LINEN Gowns-household and wearing; handkerchiefs from 2s. 3d. dozen; gents' collars, 4s. 1d. dozen; shirt reduced 18s. for six; price lists free.-Hutton's, Room 81, Larne, Ireland.

BLOUSES GIVEN AWAY.-Write immediately for catalogue; blouse given as present with first order for few days only.-Wynne Bros., 15s, Bridgewater-st., London.

CORSETS; net; cycling; very durable; 2s. 6d., post free.-Johnstone, Peter-gate, Nottingham.

CYCLING, GOLFING, and WALKING STOCKINGS; fancy tops from 1s. 9d.-Write for catalogue, Wynne Bros., 15s, Bridgewater-st., London.

FEATHERS (real ostrich); black, white, or any colour; 10 inches long, 9s.; 16 inches, 6s. 6d.; money returned if not approved.-New Ostrich Feather Co., 78, New Bond-st.

The Largest Stock in London.

FEATHER STOLE.

Several thousands always in stock on or order, in Black, White, Grey, and Brown, and Pastel shades.

FASHIONABLE FEATHER STOLE.

Usually described as Marabout,

In Natural and Black.

6 strands	2 1/2 yards	...	16/6
6 "	2 1/2 "	...	21/-
8 "	2 1/2 "	...	29/6

CLIPPED OSTRICH STOLE.

3 strands	2 1/2 yards	...	18/9
4 "	2 1/2 "	...	29/6

Richer qualities, 42/- to 84/-.

REAL OSTRICH STOLE.

Four strands, 2 1/2 yards, 21/-.

Five strands, 2 1/2 yards, 33/6.

Extra rich qualities, 42/- to 21 Gns.

SENT ON APPROVAL.

CLIPPED OSTRICH STOLE, in White or Pastel Shades (as sketch), 49/6.

EVENHAM & FREERIDGE, Wigmore Street, London, W.

DAILY BARGAINS.

A MISING Photo-Postcards, send stamp for samples.-Vernon, 77, Oakleigh, Tushbrook, Liverpool.

"BESTALL" 1s. 9d. parcels; white damask remnants; or fancy blouse cambrics.-Bestall, Hudders.

CHARMING coloured Miniatures from any photograph, 1s.; in silver pendant, 1s. 6d.; gold, 5s.; samples sent.-Chapman, Artist, Postbridge.

EXCELLENT Quality Picked Teapots, 1s. dozen; Desert, 2s.; Table, 3s.; Desert Folio, 2s. 6d.; Table, 3s. 6d.; Glenariff, Apartment House, Bournemouth.

"I'm Waiting For You, Josie" (see Saturday's "Mirror"), "Sammy," "Beckles," "Pansy Paces," "Chorus," "Waltz," and many others, 24d. each, 3 1/-.-Lawler and Co., 47, Florence-rd., Finsbury-pk., London.

PHOTO-POSTCARDS of Yourself; send stamp for samples, etc.-Vernon, 77, Oakleigh, Tushbrook, Liverpool.

READING Cases (useful and handsome); will hold six copies of the "Daily Mirror"; 1s. each, post free 1s. 3d.-Postal orders to 2, Carnarville-st., London, E.C.

100,000 in daily use.-Ladies, do not fail to send for design post free; showing exact size of our unrivalled Defiance Lockstitch Sewing Machine; works by hand or treadle; only 40s. complete; four years' warranty; invaluable for dressmaking and family sewing; supplied on easy terms, nine monthly payments of 5s., enjoying the use of same while it is being paid.-W. J. Harris and Co., Ltd., 51, Ryelane, Peckham; 10, High-st., Notting Hill Gate; 245, Upper-st., Ilford, London, and Branches.

Houses and Properties.

Auctions.

MR. J. H. RETAILACK-MOLONEY begs to ANNOUNCE the date of his SALE, at 11 o'clock, of

PROTHIERE and MORRIS will OFFER BY AUCTION LARGE PLOTS OF FREEHOLD BUILDING LAND:-

POLKSTONE, May 23, 1904.
MALDON, May 21, 1904.

For full particulars, plans, and conditions of sale, apply to the Vendor, J. H. Retailack-Moloney, 17, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

"CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK" Well-furnished 5 detached residence (for several weeks), containing 5 sitting-rooms, 9 bedrooms, large gardens, croquet, tennis, stabling, half-hour by rail Folkestone; Margate; 6 miles Whitstable; 9 Herve Road; pool cycling, boating.-Managers, Canterbury, Kent, and East Coast House Estate Business Transfer Agency, 23, Best-lane, Canterbury; houses, apartments all parts.

CRUYSTAL Palace district.-To be let or sold; just the houses everybody wants; 2 floors, no basement or steps; modern, artistic, well-built; 3, 4, and 5 bedrooms; 2 sitting-rooms, bath, lavatory (hot and cold), kitchen, etc.; prices from £345; rents from £32.-Apply Haines, 34, Homerton-rd., Tottenham.

HOUSE, East-end.-If you pay rent you are waiting for your money.-Further particulars, showing how you can invest to your advantage the money now wasted, will sent post free on application, mentioning this paper, to H. White, 3, Brunfield-st., London, E.C.

9/6 PER WEEK.-6 rooms; houses; bath; good garden; Ham. every convenience.-Apply 56, Giltney-avenue, East Ham.

Land, Houses, Etc., for Sale.

PURCHASE your house with the money you would otherwise have to pay as rent.-Send for particulars to Mr. Pogen, 215, Piccadilly, London, W.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.-Founded 94 years.-High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, professional and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.E.K.R. "The Buffs"; junior school for boys under 15; 36 pages illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BUNDAIRIE for DAINTY HOUSES, Petticoats, Mantles and Linen Frocks, River Halls, Paris.-The West-End Ladies' Laundry and Cleaning Association, Acton, London, W.

A CHICKEN-HATCHING MARVEL.-To 2d. 6d. the Texas Egg Hatcher and Reeler combined supercedes all hatcheries, hatches above and rears little ones below simultaneously all the year round; a money-making home industry, requiring neither capital nor labour; turns 1d. eggs into value; chickens or ducklings; millions selling in America; 15s. egg size, 2d. 6d.; 30s. 5d. complete for use.-American American Poultry Syndicate, Room 159, 7, Albion-grove, Stoke Newington, London, N. Illustrated list, 1d. stamp.

ARE YOUR SHIRTSMEN AND COLLARS WELL DRESSED? If not, post them to Thompson's Model Laundry, Margate-rd., Hammersmith.

ASTROLOGY.-Reliable Horoscope of Character, Marriage, and Business.-Send birth date, 1s., and stamped envelope to Miss Zetella I. Chisholm-rd., Esher, Surrey, England. Your future given free with above horoscope.

ASTROLOGY. Test Readings, 1s., send birth date.-Marcus, 3s. Exchange-walk, Nottingham.

BAILEY'S Tasples Pills, best medicine for constiveness, liver, and stomach disorders.-Chemists.

CONSULT M.D. Bectrice, the highly recommended Society Palmist and Clairvoyant, at 105, Regent-st., house, 11 to 7.

COIRNS banished; acts like a charm; 1d. post free.-Needham, Ltd., 297, Edgware-rd., London.

COURT Dressmaker; highly recommended French experience; perfect style; fit; exquisite work; prices exceptionally advantageous; modes.-Write 1377, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carnarville-st., E.C.

DAINTY TEETH FOR LADIES.-We are Artists in Teeth; every set a special study; sets, 21s., 23s., 25s., 27s., single teeth, 2s. 6d.; 3s. 6d.; 4s. 6d.; The People's Tooth Association, 358, Strand, London, W.C.

HAIR DESTROYER.-James' Depilatory instantly removes superfluous hairs from face, neck, or arms, without injury to skin.-W. Most common, 1s. 6d.; 2s. 6d.; 3s. 6d.; 4s. 6d.; 5s. 6d.; 6s. 6d.; 7s. 6d.; 8s. 6d.; 9s. 6d.; 10s. 6d.; 11s. 6d.; 12s. 6d.; 13s. 6d.; 14s. 6d.; 15s. 6d.; 16s. 6d.; 17s. 6d.; 18s. 6d.; 19s. 6d.; 20s. 6d.; 21s. 6d.; 22s. 6d.; 23s. 6d.; 24s. 6d.; 25s. 6d.; 26s. 6d.; 27s. 6d.; 28s. 6d.; 29s. 6d.; 30s. 6d.; 31s. 6d.; 32s. 6d.; 33s. 6d.; 34s. 6d.; 35s. 6d.; 36s. 6d.; 37s. 6d.; 38s. 6d.; 39s. 6d.; 40s. 6d.; 41s. 6d.; 42s. 6d.; 43s. 6d.; 44s. 6d.; 45s. 6d.; 46s. 6d.; 47s. 6d.; 48s. 6d.; 49s. 6d.; 50s. 6d.; 51s. 6d.; 52s. 6d.; 53s. 6d.; 54s. 6d.; 55s. 6d.; 56s. 6d.; 57s. 6d.; 58s. 6d.; 59s. 6d.; 60s. 6d.; 61s. 6d.; 62s. 6d.; 63s. 6d.; 64s. 6d.; 65s. 6d.; 66s. 6d.; 67s. 6d.; 68s. 6d.; 69s. 6d.; 70s. 6d.; 71s. 6d.; 72s. 6d.; 73s. 6d.; 74s. 6d.; 75s. 6d.; 76s. 6d.; 77s. 6d.; 78s. 6d.; 79s. 6d.; 80s. 6d.; 81s. 6d.; 82s. 6d.; 83s. 6d.; 84s. 6d.; 85s. 6d.; 86s. 6d.; 87s. 6d.; 88s. 6d.; 89s. 6d.; 90s. 6d.; 91s. 6d.; 92s. 6d.; 93s. 6d.; 94s. 6d.; 95s. 6d.; 96s. 6d.; 97s. 6d.; 98s. 6d.; 99s. 6d.; 100s. 6d.; 101s. 6d.; 102s. 6d.; 103s. 6d.; 104s. 6d.; 105s. 6d.; 106s. 6d.; 107s. 6d.; 108s. 6d.; 109s. 6d.; 110s. 6d.; 111s. 6d.; 112s. 6d.; 113s. 6d.; 114s. 6d.; 115s. 6d.; 116s. 6d.; 117s. 6d.; 118s. 6d.; 119s. 6d.; 120s. 6d.; 121s. 6d.; 122s. 6d.; 123s. 6d.; 124s. 6d.; 125s. 6d.; 126s. 6d.; 127s. 6d.; 128s. 6d.; 129s. 6d.; 130s. 6d.; 131s. 6d.; 132s. 6d.; 133s. 6d.; 134s. 6d.; 135s. 6d.; 136s. 6d.; 137s. 6d.; 138s. 6d.; 139s. 6d.; 140s. 6d.; 141s. 6d.; 142s. 6d.; 143s. 6d.; 144s. 6d.; 145s. 6d.; 146s. 6d.; 147s. 6d.; 148s. 6d.; 149s. 6d.; 150s. 6d.; 151s. 6d.; 152s. 6d.; 153s. 6d.; 154s. 6d.; 155s. 6d.; 156s. 6d.; 157s. 6d.; 158s. 6d.; 159s. 6d.; 160s. 6d.; 161s. 6d.; 162s. 6d.; 163s. 6d.; 164s. 6d.; 165s. 6d.; 166s. 6d.; 167s. 6d.; 168s. 6d.; 169s. 6d.; 170s. 6d.; 171s. 6d.; 172s. 6d.; 173s. 6d.; 174s. 6d.; 175s. 6d.; 176s. 6d.; 177s. 6d.; 178s. 6d.; 179s. 6d.; 180s. 6d.; 181s. 6d.; 182s. 6d.; 183s. 6d.; 184s. 6d.; 185s. 6d.; 186s. 6d.; 187s. 6d.; 188s. 6d.; 189s. 6d.; 190s. 6d.; 191s. 6d.; 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